

THE MONTH

A Catholic Magazine and Review.

JULY, 1890.

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The Second Summer: A Dialogue.

The Scene is laid in the tastefully furnished rooms of an Oxford Undergraduate.

M. L'ABBÉ ARNALD LAVIGNE (*devoted to literature and journalism*). Really the enthusiasm of you converts is quite provoking!

GEORGE PERCY MANNERING (*an undergraduate, recently converted to Catholicism*). Yes, it is true I am only eight months a Catholic; but you, my dear Abbé, have not been much more than half that time in this country. You surely cannot pretend to know thoroughly the effects of the Oxford movement on the nation at large?

LAVIGNE. Of course not. I don't lay claim to understand you English at all, and least of all your religion. I only take the view of an outsider: may I say an intelligent outsider? You know we foreigners are really interested in the growth of Catholicity in England. We perhaps give more attention to it than you imagine.

MANNERING. And you are really disappointed with what you have seen since you came?

L. Perhaps my anticipations were too high. You know I had met so many enthusiastic converts like yourself, who frequently travel on the Continent, and talk very glibly. Now, my observations come to this: There is considerable activity in the Catholic body, a few converts here and there, a good deal of curiosity among Protestants to find out the inner working of the Catholic Church, and a certain disposition to view it impartially. But I certainly think (and my judgment is confirmed by several of the oldest and wisest priests whom I had the honour of conversing with), that you are still a very long way indeed from what you call the Second Summer.

M. The phrase was suggested by the title of an article that appeared in *THE MONTH* in August, 1888, giving an account of several prophecies touching the re-conversion of

England to the Faith. Did you happen to come across it? Some of the prophecies were remarkable enough.

L. No, I do not remember the article, but I know all about the prophecies. We have a good deal of that sort of thing in France. I dare say there is at present some pious nun with a message for the world concerning the Duc d'Orléans or Boulanger.

M. Do you think it is impossible for the revelations of a nun to be genuine under all circumstances? As a matter of fact, however, all or nearly all the predictions in the article I mentioned were made by men, and most of them the Founders of Orders, or canonized Saints, or in some way persons stamped with the approval of the Holy See. The most remarkable, I think, was that of the Ven. Bartholomew Holzhauser, who declared that England will one day do more for the Faith than she did on her first conversion to it.

But it would take us rather long to discuss these matters just now. We were talking about the present indications that the prophecies, whether genuine or not, will at least be verified, and that in the near future.

L. You mean, I suppose, by the near future the present generation?

M. Well, it is not prudent to give dates to future events, especially when they depend on an infinite number of causes. But I will say boldly that I believe within twenty or thirty years (perhaps even less), we shall see at least the beginnings of a movement towards the Church totally different from anything that has gone before.

L. You mean a national movement in the strict sense?

M. At least a popular movement, which will in the end embrace so much of the nation as contains any element of religion. May I go on to give you my reasons for this opinion, which you say runs counter to that of older and wiser men than myself?

L. I should be delighted if you can throw any light on the subject. I am tired of talking about the Irish question, especially as I have been so much with the dons, and I find them very heavy. They dogmatize as much about Home Rule as they do about Catholicism. And they really know very little of either. Now, though you have become a Catholic, and are full of enthusiasm about your religion, you do not think you know all about it.

M. On the contrary, since my conversion I find there is so much more to be learned than I ever guessed. When I was a Protestant, though I always felt a sense of mystery about the Church, yet I thought I understood her better than I do now. But in talking about the religious state of my countrymen I feel more confident.

L. Still, my dear fellow, your conversion is so recent, and——

M. Oh! I do not mean the Catholic body, though of course latterly one has come across people who know a good deal about our position. But it is the attitude of Protestants towards the Church that I am trying to get at. Even before I came up here, three and a half years ago, I was much interested in this, but since then I have made a study of it.

L. Yes, it is quite a phenomenon! You undergraduates are so very religious. We are not accustomed to it.

M. Not exactly religious. But religion, no doubt, has much interest for us. Of course it depends on your set a good deal. When I was at Balliol, where all are reading men, I heard a good deal of talk about it. But since I got a scholarship here, I have certainly been thrown with people who take the claims of the Churches to heart more deeply. Yet we are not included, I should say, among the most reading Colleges.

L. In forming your opinion about the future of Catholicity in England, are you not liable to mistake the feelings of your fellow-undergraduates for those of the nation at large?

M. It would not do at all to form one's views by what one hears at Oxford, even though we are much more in touch with the country now than we ever were. But, to tell the truth, my sanguine hopes, as you think them, have little to do with this place except as the historical centre from which the wave emanated that is to sweep over the land.

L. Do I understand you then to mean that the Oxford of to-day does not represent the high-water mark of the Oxford movement?

M. Precisely. The tide here is decidedly ebbing, and that fast. It began to subside as soon as Newman's conversion removed his influence. He foresaw it, and it was one of the chief causes that led him to hesitate.

L. Ah! what a man he was! I have been told that there

is in the reception-room at Edgbaston an engraving of this city, with the question asked below :

Fili hominis, putas-ne, vivent ossa ista ?

M. Yes, and many think that the motto was chosen by him. The picture, motto and all, was a present ; and with all his love for Oxford, I do not think he would answer in the affirmative the question asked. Oxford will never again take the lead in any Catholic movement. If she is ever converted it will be, so to speak, on compulsion.

L. I have often wondered whether Newman has any feeling of disappointment at the course of events since his conversion. Of course he has the deep satisfaction of knowing that he has followed the call of conscience ; but has he not had to witness too many a blighted promise and frustrated hope ? I can well remember him when his reputation was at its height, and the profound sensation caused on the Continent by the news of his conversion. It was deepened by the restoration of the Hierarchy, which soon followed. We expected a large part of the English Church, in fact the High Church section, would abjure heresy. In many ecclesiastical circles it was even said, as you say now, that the whole nation was rapidly to come over to the side of the Church. It was then we heard the talk about the Second Spring. Was it not Newman himself who wrote a book with that title ?

M. No, it was a sermon, preached by him at Oscott before Cardinal Wiseman and the new Bishops, perhaps the most eloquent that he ever preached.

L. You see I have forgotten the details, though the reading of Mr. Ward's biography of his father has brought back much to my mind. Let us see now what really happened ? A few hundred converts at most, including no doubt a few names of real eminence, Ward himself, Manning, Faber, Oakeley, Wilberforce ; while their leader sank into comparative obscurity. What became of all the rest ? Some founded the Ritualistic movement, others became safe Churchmen, others lapsed into a sort of infidelity or latitudinarianism. What became of the magic influence Newman exercised at Oxford ?

M. When John Henry Newman died to this University by renouncing Protestantism, he was not dead to the nation, though he hid himself from his fellows.

L. Of course they know of his existence as of a man who once made a stir in the world.

M. Much more. He is a living reality, and his power is felt. Of course I am speaking of the educated classes, those who read and think, and of necessity lead the others in their opinions of men and things. Before his conversion his influence was mainly esoteric, and he was in no way understood by those with whom he did not come more or less in personal contact. Since the publication of his *Apologia* that is quite changed. The book marks an epoch, not so much by its controversial value, but because it instituted a personal relation between him and his countrymen. You know how it was wrung from him by the attacks of a fatuous adversary, who did not scruple to say that he had been all along playing a part and was wanting in common honesty. This opponent was danced upon till he was simply pulverized in the opinion of everybody. But meanwhile Newman painted his own portrait. He did it deliberately, as he tells us, because it was the only way to clear himself of the charge brought against him in his most sensitive point. He had been accused of insincerity, and there was to be a ring about the reply which would leave no chance to doubt it. There had been something mysterious about him which puzzled the multitude. How did he acquire his undoubted power over men, and why did he renounce it in the very prime of his life, at the time when power is sweet? In the *Apologia* he dashes away all reserve, and he shows himself unmistakably as a thorough Englishman, a man of sterling honour, of extreme tenderness of character, which had caused him acute suffering in the sacrifices which he had made in the cause of truth and in obedience to a cruel duty.

L. It is certainly an able book.

M. I should rather call it a powerful book, and it is so because it was the outcome of a strong man's strong passion. It proved to his contemporaries that, though he had seemed to be in an atmosphere above them, he was really one of themselves. Henceforth they do more than respect him, they almost love him, certainly they take a pride in him.

L. Well, my dear Mannering, you are certainly speaking now of your own experience.

M. I am speaking, if you will, of the feelings I had before conversion. Now it is something deeper. But I am certain that at that time the influence on me of Newman's life and character was far stronger than I suspected. And I believe in

this I was only an average case. There was no special reason why it should be otherwise.

L. Except that you followed the attraction. Now, do you expect that others will do the same?

M. Do not mistake my meaning. I am talking about the conversion of a nation, not of individuals, though the process is essentially the same. What do you take it to be?

L. I have not had the experience you have.

M. But how would you describe it?

L. I should say that it consists in looking into the logical bases of Protestantism and finding them unsound, and then in looking into the logical bases of Catholicity and finding them sound.

M. You might as well say of a lover, breathing out his vows at his mistress' feet, that he has been looking into the logical bases of bachelorhood and has found them unsound, and then into the logical bases of matrimony and found them sound. No, it is the beauty of holiness, the indescribable charm of the Catholic Church that so wins on your soul that it breaks down all your prejudices, and forces you to overcome all obstacles, till you find yourself at rest in her everlasting bosom. Now, we have all a certain amount of hero-worship in us, and the example of even one person that we thoroughly *believe in* has more effect on us than all the logic contained in the distinctions of Peter the Lombard, Albertus Magnus, and Scotus combined.

L. Don't speak slightly of Scotus. Did you not tell me he was an Oxford man?

M. Yes, he was one of our dons, and I don't want to slight him; but I assert that the influence of Cardinal Newman is drawing England towards the Catholic Church in the present year quite as truly, though not in the same way, as he drew the Tractarians half a century ago. Can you grant me so much? Mind, I am not asking much. I do not say yet whether they follow or resist the attraction, just as you remarked that the greater number of the Tractarians did not follow him, though they were certainly attracted by him.

L. In that sense I do not see any harm in admitting your statement. The example of the great English Cardinal certainly adds to the responsibility of his fellow-countrymen.

M. Thank you. Now that we are agreed on a typical instance (for it is only an instance) of the causes which ought

to bring about the re-conversion of England, we can consider the results that these causes are actually producing.

First, I would ask you to remember that, as we were saying, the conversion of a nation is like that of an individual. It is essentially a slow work, consisting of many stages. You have to go a very long journey before you can rest your bones. You have many a lesson that was well learned to unlearn, before you can learn the lesson of faith. It is not as though your mind were a *tabula rasa* like that of some inquiring savage who had never heard of the name of Christ. Your mind is well stocked with ideas about Catholicity, which cling to you with great pertinacity, owing to early prejudice, worldly interest, influence of friends, *amour propre*, extreme caution joined to indolence and a nervous horror of self-deception. I cannot illustrate this better than from the *Apologia* itself. The author tells us that even in the year 1838, when he had travelled a long way indeed towards Rome, he had the greatest difficulty in driving from his mind the belief, which he knew to be absurd, that Rome is Antichrist and the Pope the Man of Sin. And two years before his conversion he was doing his very best to keep his friends and disciples in the Anglican Church. One might think from a reading of this wonderful autobiography that he would never have been converted at all, if it had not been for providential circumstances, notably the suicidal fanaticism of his Protestant enemies. And yet we have not all the intellect, the spiritual insight, the knowledge of Church history and of the philosophy of life, above all the unflinching devotion to duty, of a Newman.

Now the conversion of a nation is like that of a man or woman, with this notable difference. On the whole its rate of progress is regulated rather by the pace of the slowest than of the quickest, whereas converts of course represent the rate of those who are least hampered and move more rapidly than the rest. This is a point people like you seem to forget.

L. There is much truth in your view. But my difficulty is rather whether your people are really moving at all, that is in the direction you mean, the direction of Rome.

M. I am coming to that. Take now the astonishing spread of Ritualism.

L. Oh! surely you do not base your hopes on the Ritualists! I must give you up, if that is the case.

M. I have not a very good opinion of Ritualists. Converts generally haven't.

L. Yes, that is natural enough. You feel like deserters.

M. Are you poking fun at me. No? Well I feel like a pioneer.

L. I hope it may prove so! Have you succeeded in bringing many of your friends after you?

M. No, and I don't intend to try.

L. Well, you are a mass of inconsistency. You think Ritualists are on the way to become Catholics, and yet you refuse to help them.

M. I will try to explain. We talk about Ritualists as though they are a compact body of men, united through working for a common end and actuated by a common set of principles. They have really very little principle and very little in common except party feeling. I found that out long before my conversion, or rather I might say it was the beginning of it. I found them to be a shifty lot, very uncertain as to their aims, very time-serving, and generally wanting in back-bone.

L. Just my impression. Not at all the stuff to make sturdy Catholics out of, such as you will want in order to carry out your programme.

M. Now I never said they will become Catholics more than anybody else. But they will help to make Catholics. *Fungar vice cotis, exsors ipse secandi*. Yet they are in no sense leaders. They do not even see where they are going themselves, so they cannot lead others. They are drifting with the crowd, and the most they can do is to add a little impetus to its movement, but they can in no way control it. Some of them see this. Most of them do not. Perhaps the eyes of some will be opened by the attempt to keep things together which issued in the abortive volume, entitled, *Lux Mundi*. It shows indeed that there is still zeal and ability in the High Church party, but it also proves that they are drifting nobody knows where. The very hubbub raised over it among those for whom it was intended, shows that it contains for them little light and less consolation. But the vast majority of these people are too much taken up with novelties of devotion and striking functions and petty controversies about matters of detail to attend to broad principles.

L. How then will they help you? I will tell you what the belief in France is: that the Ritualists are keeping people back, and that they exist chiefly for that. I know many who

have read the late Dr. Littledale's book on *Plain Reasons* against the Church, and think it a most dangerous book. I believe he was one of the leaders of the movement.

M. Perhaps of late he overshot the mark, and was a little too violent against the Church to have much real influence. But no doubt they used him without scruple where they could to keep people back.

L. Then they do keep people back from the Church. And you said just now that they are helping to convert the nation.

M. Perhaps they are rather an effect than a cause, or I should say a phase of disease which is both a symptom of returning health and an aid to the efforts of nature. There is a stream of tendency towards Catholic principles and practices which they are trying to divert, and with present success, into their own channels. They thus get hold of a certain number who would otherwise come to us. But meanwhile they are educating up to a certain point ten times as many, and classes of people whom we could never reach, even if we had the appliances, which we have not. In the end, they must gravitate to the Church, that is, so far as they or those whom they influence are earnest in seeking the truth. The common sort of people do not think, but they have instincts. When they have been brought to a certain point, they will find out that they have been treated to a sham, and will have no hesitation in substituting the reality for it. I even think from the point of view of the common good, it is well just now that there should be fewer conversions rather than that by more numerous ones the movement should be retarded or prematurely broken up. It is doing a great work, and all great works take time.

L. You are the first I have heard say that. Are you sure it is a safe sentiment?

M. Of course I would not say so to every one. I know a man's first duty is to himself, and I have shown by my practice that I do not excuse those who knowingly imperil their own salvation for the sake of others.

L. Then you do not sympathize with the so-called Order of Corporate Reunion?

M. Not sympathize certainly. Without setting myself up as their judge, I do not see how they can have escaped the guilt of sacrilege, if they really get validly ordained by schismatics. But they too may benefit others at their own expense.

L. By giving them the sacraments?

M. Yes, and in other ways. You see now why I do not agree with those who are in despair at the success of Ritualism and our own slow progress. We want less despondency, but a great deal of patience. So many of our people (especially those old and wise heads you were speaking about) look so much to the present moment only, and that is the reason why they deny that the Second Summer is approaching. I could give you instances of persons who have caused bitter disappointment by their not becoming Catholics, and yet it may be better for the world at large that they should remain where they are. There is one at least who really copes in a sort of way with agnosticism, and probably attracts far larger audiences of men than would be possible in changed circumstances. Let such persons work out the designs of Providence as best they can. The fruit will ripen later.

L. Then I understand you do not think the movement towards the Church is confined to the Ritualists.

M. By no means. And we must remember that their influence is not confined to their followers.

L. You mean that many sympathize with them in secret who are afraid to avow it?

M. Perhaps it may be so, but that is not my meaning. Many who cordially hate them and all their works cannot fail to see that they bear silent testimony in our favour. Indeed, the general opinion seems to be that they are merely awkward imitators of us; and imitation is the sincerest flattery. Besides they accustom men's minds to the idea of all that is most distinctive of the Church, except her unity and discipline. And in our present stage this is our chief want. It is an age of advertising, and it is a great thing when your rivals in trade are kind enough to do it for you.

L. Is not real Catholicity also becoming better known in England?

M. Of course it is, and that is one of the chief points I have to insist on. Till quite lately we were the subjects of the most absurd beliefs—myths which were sedulously sown by our enemies and which when rooted grew up and increased naturally. All that is dying or dead never to revive, and with it the blind hate which resulted from it, and used to contain, one would think, a diabolical element. This bigotry, which was the growth of ages, was the chief obstacle to conversion whether of the few or the many.

L. Oh! yes it was proverbial, and was at the same time comical and sad. And you say it is all over now.

M. I should be rash if I did. It still lingers, and we hear of it in strange ways, especially in the more remote parts. But never as triumphing, always as giving way before a spirit of toleration. In fact, it is now generally ridiculed as a mark of ignorance and vulgarity. The change which public opinion is undergoing is not limited in extent. It pervades all classes from the highest personages to the lowest strata of society. Her Majesty receives an Envoy of the Pope and treats him with a consideration going far beyond the demands of Court etiquette. You have Catholics on the Bench, in the House of Commons, and in the Cabinet. Mayors with corporations attend to hear Catholic sermons in Catholic churches. And the hearts of the dockers were won by Cardinal Manning by his successful intervention in their behalf.

L. Yes, it was surprising how willingly he was accepted as an arbitrator in the strike.

M. Not only that, but a collection was set on foot quite spontaneously by the dockers to present a sum of money to his Jubilee Testimonial Fund. This is practical gratitude on the part of very poor men. Do you think they would give anything to the fund for the restoration of St. Paul's Cathedral? And the Bishop of London was an arbitrator too. But it is useless to go on. The thing is too patent. It is best seen in the improved tone not only of the secular, but even of the ecclesiastical press, which has become of late studiously moderate.

L. I think there are some exceptions?

M. Of course, but I refer to the general run of publications, especially to those which have a recognized position, and so do not dare to run counter to the prevailing feeling. Consider, for instance, the Beatification of our Martyrs three years ago. These men Protestant England had condemned as infamous rebels, and cut them off with torture and all ignominy as dangerous to the common good. The Pope declares that they suffered unjustly for conscience' sake, and proposes them to the veneration and imitation of their countrymen. He did this, if we may believe report, not without hesitation; and it was a bold step for one who had declared in an Encyclical his belief that the English people on the whole are in good faith, and his hope that one day they will return to the Church. How was

the step received? Not in anger and derision—not even with scornful indifference, but with a respectful sympathy, and a feeling of relief as though a great wrong had been repaired. The worst thing *The Times* had to say on the subject was that the Anglican Church ought to canonize her heroes, and that although it might be difficult to match More among her laymen, she could easily point to the equals of Fisher among her prelates.

L. Did it really say that? It would be charming to see the estimable Archbishop Benson sitting on Cranmer and Laud as he is now sitting on Dr. King, and declaring *ex cathedra* that their virtues were in the heroic degree and their miracles duly established.

M. Ah! the idea was taken up and capitally worked out by the "Prig." I must show you his treatise *How to Make a Saint*. He has done much to bring home to the Ritualistic body the absurdity of their position. Yet they could hardly be angry with him. He made them laugh at themselves. His works, like those of Mallock, have done invaluable service in opening men's minds, especially because they met with plenty of readers. All this is past history.

L. I read Mallock of course, that is, in the French translation, which was capitally done by a Scotch Jesuit. I did not see the original. Is it true that he was not a Catholic when he wrote *Is Life worth Living?*

M. Quite true, which made that book and *The New Republic* all the more influential. If bigotry was not dead then, it ought to have been killed by those books.

L. I will not attempt, my dear fellow, to dispute your facts. Let us grant that bigotry is going out of fashion. Still you may be mistaken as to your inferences, and I am inclined to think you are. Popular education has made great strides in England, and I am sure I need not remind you that, as one necessary result of this, the spread of Liberalism has gone on rapidly. The old Puritan spirit is worn out with its rigid and self-righteous narrowness. The great dogma of the age is that one religion is as good as another, so long as you do not offend against society and the rules of good taste. And people are naturally ashamed of being afraid of Catholicity, which is a dogmatic, and therefore an exploded, religion. It did frighten them a little in the twilight, but now that day has fully dawned, there is a pleasurable pride in stripping the bogey of its clothes and

showing that after all it is but a broomstick. Now are you not inclined to assume rather easily that because the English people are getting tired of Protestantism they must necessarily become Catholics? In France, I am sorry to say, that is a mistake which no one could fall into. We are too much accustomed there to the spectacle of an atheist proletariat. Do you think there is no likelihood of the bulk of your people losing by degrees all that remains of their religious belief, and sinking into atheism, or something next door to it?

M. I will not dispute with you about France. You are on your own ground, and know far more about the question than I do. I think I see grounds of hope there too, but the fact is, France is going through a process which is not parallel to our case. Not only the temperament, but the religious circumstances of the two countries are essentially different.

L. Then you do not think there is much fear of Liberalism, as we understand it, taking root among you?

M. I am not concerned to deny that irreligion, atheism if you will, is making and is likely to make huge strides among all classes of Englishmen. On the contrary, if it were not so, I should have very little hope of the Second Summer. The return to the Church of large numbers will not occur unless circumstances favour it.

L. Do not get enigmatical. The subject is obscure enough without that.

M. It is so obscure that I cannot hope to prove my views to demonstration. But I have probable arguments.

L. I am all attention.

M. I will put the matter in this way. As a Catholic I am sure you believe that Catholicity is in itself perfectly suited to the needs of human nature—made to fit, so to speak, and to slip quite naturally on to human nature when in a fairly normal condition, as a well-made glove fits on to a hand which is neither mis-shapen, swollen, nor rheumatic. This is I know an *a priori* argument, but it weighs much with me.

L. I do not reject all *a priori* arguments. Pray go on.

M. Let us therefore always bear in mind that the glove is well-made, better even than your Parisian glovers can turn them out. So that it is a question of impediments. Get rid of them, and the rest will follow. Bring down your swellings, expel your rheumatism, and your glove will slip on as a matter

of course. What are the impediments to conversion? Mostly two, bigotry and depravity. Now England has been suffering from acute bigotry for three centuries, and if she is not exactly depraved, still there has been a steady and at times almost rapid descent in the way that must follow degradation of belief. But her case is not and never has been desperate. We are inclined to think three hundred years a long time, and compared with a single life it is so, but in the religious life of a nation it represents but a phase of existence, a sort of aberration.

L. The Reformation has proved a very serious aberration!

M. Yes, a serious aberration. Nothing more. Now suppose a man goes wrong, as we call it. His mind gets clouded, he becomes careless, falls into a habit of sin. What do we usually say of him? Leave him alone, wait till he gets tired of his sin. We look to see if he has ordinarily good dispositions, taking into account of course his character and circumstances, and if it is so, as soon as he gives clear though ordinary signs of repentance, we expect that he will come right.

L. If a man goes wrong in the Faith, I have very little hopes of him.

M. That depends also. But aberration in the Faith is not quite the same thing for an individual as for a nation, as he is less likely to subside into a sort of involuntary heresy.

L. What we call in the schools material heresy.

M. Yes, I think that is the same thing.

L. Then you think if a nation lapses into material heresy, it is antecedently more than probable that sooner or later it will return to the Church. Does experience confirm this view?

M. That is not my contention. I never intended anything so absurdly false. Let me return to my ordinary sinner. I did not say on *a priori* grounds that every sinner is certain to repent. I said that if in certain circumstances he shows signs of being tired of his sin, I shall think it quite natural for him to turn over a new leaf, having meanwhile gained some useful experience.

L. I think I understand you better now. You mean that if a nation gets tired of its heresy, the natural presumption is that it will return to the bosom of the Church, and that it will be more steadfast than before.

M. I mean, chiefly, that as it is incomparably harder for a nation than for an individual to repent of its downward course,

so there is the greater reason to hope that its repentance will be complete, if it gives signs of retracing its steps.

L. After all there was some reason behind your enthusiasm.

M. Don't mind me, please. Look to the facts. Is it not extremely rare in the history of the Church for a nation that had deliberately thrown her off to retrace a single step?

L. You think then that England deliberately rejected the Faith?

M. I do. That is, so far as allegiance to the Holy See is concerned. I do not agree with those who say her Catholicity was taken away against her will. But that is merely an historical question which would take us too far from the subject.

L. You were saying——

M. I was just going to point out that England is retracing some steps in the right direction. You did not attempt to deny it. But we have to look a little closer into her dispositions before we can be sure that she is in earnest.

L. If you can prove that, I give in at once.

M. Mind I have asked you only to expect ordinary signs—not heroic ones. And remember there is still a great deal of ground to go over, though I hold a great deal has been already travelled. We agree then that the people are learning to know more of Catholicity. Now increased knowledge must end in one of two things—either increased love or increased hate. It is a law of the Church's existence. What do we see? Any increase of hate? I think not. We see, I think, a clear disposition to appreciate the Church fairly according as she is understood. Take, as a single instance, the popular enthusiasm that raged here of late about Father Damien, common of course to all classes, as you know very well. I do not wish to exaggerate its importance, but it was significant.

L. Do you think his being a priest had anything to do with the feeling?

M. I think there was a special zest given to it by that circumstance. I really believe it was a pleasure of surprise. They thought a priest must be in some way unmanly. They speak, you know, of three sexes, men, women, and curates. They were quite prepared for a priest to be a paragon of devotion, a saint, a martyr of charity. But that he should be besides sturdy, simple, and practical—it struck their imagination. They were glad of it.

L. Then you think that they will go on in this way, liking

Catholicity more and more, till they come to accept it as their religion?

M. Not if they could help it. They like compromises best. They are trying one now, and will stick to it as long as they can. Protestantism is not yet utterly played out, though it is on the way to become so. That is what I meant by saying that atheism is a necessary condition of the Second Summer. It must stare them in the face, menace them, thoroughly frighten them. It must present itself to them as the only possible escape from the Church. Then if they are convinced that we are able to cope with it, and the social disorder that will attach to it, they will humble themselves to submit once more to the sweet yoke of Christ's Vicar.

L. That supposes that they have not first embraced atheism.

M. I do not think that a nation can get on for a length of time without religion. Least of all do I think the English people as a whole show the signs that would warrant us in concluding that it will be their case. There is a certain coquetting with socialistic atheism, because religion is presented to them as a humbug, and as one of the means adopted by wealth to coerce labour. But their eyes must be opened to the difference between God's truth and a human substitute. I must, however, clearly make one reserve. I do not suppose in the near future that the Church will stamp out all irreligion and infidelity. In this world to be militant is a law of her being. What I hope is that she will be the rival, and a successful rival—more or less so according to the fortunes of war—of the powers of evil which will continue to dash themselves against her. All that I have delineated is according to the natural course of events, though I seem to discern a special Providence in some of our present circumstances.

L. Will you not indicate them?

M. I wish you had read the prophecies I told you of. I feel sure it would predispose you to recognize the hand of God helping us to work out our destiny.

L. I will certainly read them, if you will show me the article.¹ You have interested me by your speculations. What are the special circumstances to which you have just alluded?

M. I consider the coincidence of the natural decay of

¹ THE MONTH, August, 1888.

Protestantism with the Catholic revival is providential, especially if we consider the history of that revival. Then there is the religious element in our people so strong by nature, by habit, and, I think I ought to add, by Divine grace.

L. You need not hesitate to affirm that. I am told it is a point frequently urged by Cardinal Manning.

M. And powerfully put forward by Newman in *Lectures on Anglican Difficulties*, where he insists that the workings of grace are not confined to the Catholic Church. Indeed he uses it as an argument. Then the history of English Catholicity since the Reformation is instructive. More than once its destiny seemed to hang on a single life, until the Oxford movement and the restoration of the Hierarchy put it out of danger. But what seems to me so remarkably opportune at the present moment is the revived prestige of the Church all over the world, owing to the respect inspired by the character and talents of Leo the Thirteenth. Prestige is our chief want in England. Until we have more of it, we shall be handicapped in our race with the Establishment.

L. No doubt the Pope's Jubilee was an extraordinary triumph. And he seems to force nearly all the Courts in Europe to respect his diplomacy. But, my dear Mannering, before you can be benefited by that you must be sure that you will be important enough to be a subject of diplomacy, which is tantamount to begging the whole question. I am quite aware, as you remarked, there was an exchange of courtesies between London and the Vatican, on the occasion of the Papal Jubilee. Every one knew it. And we thought it very graceful, especially as your Queen's Jubilee so nearly coincided with the Holy Father's.

M. All that might mean of course very little, though if the relations become permanent, as seems probable, for they were renewed quite lately, an epoch will be marked by the event and the amount of ground covered. But I was speaking of the prestige of the Pope, not with courts, but with peoples. He is generally recognized as a perfect type of a Christian gentleman, a scholar, and a philanthropist. Now when men want to depreciate the Holy See they must carefully explain that they do not refer to the occupant. We had an amusing instance last year. You remember the condemnation of Lasserre's Gospel?

L. Of course. We felt for him in Paris. The book I

dare say was faulty enough, but the blow came hardly on him, and he took it like a man.

M. That was just what vexed our good Protestants. A minister, named Wright, made a bitter attack on the Holy See, as if the Gospels themselves had been put on the Index. I was told he sent a copy of his pamphlet to every priest in England. Would you believe he was polite enough to exonerate the Pope from all blame? It was the "Power behind the Pope," *i.e.*, a mere abstraction, that was held up to the execration of all honest men. A straw will show the way the wind blows. The Papacy is indeed still execrable. But it is not politic to attack the Pope. He must be patted on the back. In fact the Pope is something less than a Papist.

L. Then you really think the Pope is popular among your people?

M. That is a strong word. I should say he is esteemed. It was evident at the Jubilee from the tone of the press in describing it. Especially we have been struck by his action in regard to the slave-trade, and by his admitted knowledge of all that concerns the socialistic difficulty.

L. Yes, the slave-trade must interest you. You have always been to the front on that question. But is it not a Frenchman who is the prime mover just now?

M. Oh! of course intelligent people understand that Lavigerie could do very little unless he were backed up by the Pope. Rather the Pope works through the Cardinal, though, I will grant you, the latter is a very efficient instrument. Listen to this. At a monster meeting held at Manchester, consisting chiefly of Protestants, not only was a message read by the Bishop of Salford from His Holiness thanking them for their support to the movement, in which he spoke of their returning one day to the bosom of the Church, but the Pontifical Blessing was actually given to them then and there.

L. What levelled at their heads and exploded! His Lordship of Salford is a brave man. How did they take it?

M. Capitally. If that fact does not convince you that we are moving pretty rapidly, you must have a very faint idea of what the feeling about Popery was. Why, it is not so many years since Guy Fawkes day was about our greatest religious celebration, and the festivities always ended by burning the Pope in effigy.

L. I understood you to say the change of opinion is necessarily slow.

M. Well, of course, slow is a relative term. It seems a large number of our people are not satisfied with the pace, else how do they despond? But where the distance to be gone over is so immense, any rate of progress must necessarily seem slow. We are not now, and we have never been, in the era of conversion. An individual here and a handful there do not constitute an era.

L. It is then the era of Hope?

M. It is the era of Preparation. Great results imply slow, anxious, wearisome preparation. The apple in ripening takes a long time and costs nature much labour. When that is over, touch it and it comes off, leave it alone and it drops of its own weight.

L. Then you think our friends expect too much?

M. They expect too much and too little. They are always looking to people like the Order of Corporate Reunion to start a movement towards the Church. They may wait till the day of doom. The parsons and the supposed leaders of religious thought are too effete to do anything till they are obliged. The movement must, and will, come from below. But many things must happen first. They will be drawn, not by controversial pamphlets, but by the purity and the tenderness of the Catholic Church. And first they must realize their want of these things. When things are ready, the movement will appear so spontaneous and natural, that our croakers will not be at all surprised and will forget that they ever prophesied evil things. Meanwhile we have plenty to do.

L. For instance!

M. You have listened well to-day, Abbé, and I will not bore you further at present. If I said any more it would be to state my views as to the true policy of the Catholic body in England. But I have an engagement on the tow-path to coach our Eight. We intend to bump the boat ahead of us, which has a very poor crew.

L. May I walk down with you?

M. I shall be delighted. You will hear me give some advice to the coxwain which might be applied to our friends.

L. What is that?

M. I shall impress it on him not to be in a hurry with his bump, but to bring his men gradually forward till he overlaps the other boat, and then to turn in quietly.

Italy before the Railways.

PART THE THIRD.

OUR expeditions from Monte Porzio were not all of them pilgrimages, and yet such is the religious interest of the neighbourhood that many of our excursions for pleasure almost deserve to be so called. I have several times been with parties that have made their way to Subiaco, where the memories of St. Benedict are as fresh as ever they were, and once we went as far as Monte Cassino. Of the perfect hospitality of these religious houses I have the liveliest memory, and in like manner we have been received, strangers though we were, with singular kindness at the Carthusian Monastery at Trisulti, and by the Trappists at Casamari. Then there are Veroli and Anagni, two interesting towns in their neighbourhood, and Tivoli, through which to pass on the way to Subiaco. I shall have enough and more than enough for my present paper if I say a few words about the charming recollections that associate themselves in my mind with these names. Alas! reproduce those memories I cannot, so that others may see what spontaneously rises up on the camera of my mind's eye when I revert to them. I fear I have but dry leaves to show to others, though they will ever look green and bright to me.

Sometimes we went on horseback; more frequently, indeed always on the longer expeditions, we were on foot. One riding excursion I remember very well for its singular scenic effect. Three of us resolved on riding to a chapel of St. Michael, perched on the top of one of the mountains between Tivoli and Palestrina. We called at San Pastore on our way, the villa of the German College, charmingly situated in the midst of the Campagna Felice, the fertile belt between the Alban hills and the Apennines. We then rode on and made our ascent very successfully on a fine afternoon, till we were within half a mile of the chapel. All at once, to our dismay, a thick cloud came down upon us and we could hardly see one another. In a few minutes we

were aware that we had lost the mountain track, and we went on slowly and carefully, till at last we came to a standstill on a shelving ledge of rock, where the horses could hardly turn round. We could not see where we were, nor could we guess which way we were to go. Perforce we stood perfectly still, and there was this to be said for the Frascati horses we were riding, that they were willing to stand quiet for any length of time. At last the welcome sound of an axe fell on our ears. Shouting did nothing for us, but the axe went on with its work, it was hard to guess where; so, as the axe would not come to us, there was nothing for us to do but to go in search of the axe. It had to be very warily done, or we might make things worse instead of better; so one of our party dismounted and handed over his bridle to another, and left us slowly, under solemn promise not to go out of earshot. We kept up a steady fire of shouts and answers, until at length, to our great relief, he reappeared with the woodsman, who took us straight up to St. Michael's chapel. Just as we reached it, the clouds opened for a little, and, in bright sunshine framed in dazzling white mist, we saw into the interior of that beautiful mountain range, up the valley of the Anio, right over to the hills behind Subiaco. It was worth passing through the clouds to have the view so gloriously enhanced by contrast, and by the unexpected suddenness with which so beautiful a prospect burst upon us. The chapel on the hill-top, we found, was more used than such out-of-the-way sanctuaries usually are; for at Michaelmas it was the custom of the villagers, for miles round, to come up there to receive the sacraments. *La Pasqua di St. Michele* they called it, and the people seem to have used it as they would their parish church at Easter. The Jesuit Fathers from Tivoli and San Pastore heard confessions there all through the night that ushers in the feast of St. Michael, and the people would lay themselves down to sleep anywhere, on the hill-side, or on the chapel floor, or the altar steps, when they had been to confession, waiting for the early Masses on Michaelmas Day.

Another riding excursion was to Tivoli. Many a one, indeed, but one in particular presents itself to my mind, not in association with sights so familiar as the Falls of Tivoli, or the Temple of the Sibyl, or the pigeons for dinner that I have seen eaten so completely that nothing remained but claws and beak. It is the *finale* of one of these riding excursions that I have in my mind. We were on our way home to Monte Porzio, and had

broken up into various parties. We had run the gauntlet of those tremendous Campagna sheep-dogs, which I confess sometimes made me quake. They would come galloping away from their masters and their flocks a good half-mile or more, so there was no one to say them nay; and the sight of a man on a horse seemed to make them wild. They could have pulled one off one of those poor Frascati hacks with the greatest ease, and made mincemeat of one afterwards. However, they had barked themselves hoarse, and to our relief turned round and made their way back to the shepherds who owned them. And we turned off from the highway that led from Tivoli to Rome, and by a narrow country lane we reached our home at Monte Porzio.

Yet not all of us. There was one of the students of the English College who had lately come from England. He had not had time as yet to learn any Italian, so he was not the one to select to travel off alone. He was in Deacon's orders, I remember—he is a Canon in a southern diocese now and a veteran priest; will he pardon me for telling this story about him? It happened that he had some of his Office to say, and having separated from his party, who drew up for shelter from a thunderstorm, he rode off by himself, and where his companions turned out of the high-road, he, on his Breviary intent, never noticed the turn, and soon had Monte Porzio behind him and his face towards Rome. By and by it got dark and his horse got tired, so he had to dismount and lead it. At last he came to a house by the roadside. Hungry as a hunter, for he had had no supper, he shouted till some one opened an upper window. Then it was awkward for our friend not to be able to tell his story in Italian. *Pane*, was all he could cry, *pane!* But the inhabitants of the lonely house did not like it, and so they shut their window and, unlike the man in the Gospel, returned to bed, in spite of his importunity. So the hungry deacon and the tired horse betook themselves to their task of groping their way to Rome, and about midnight they reached the Gate, the Porta Maggiore. It was closed, but there was an *osteria* outside, and there the same stable served for horse and man. The first thing in the morning, our wanderer, whose sleep had been disturbed by cocks and hens, went into Rome to get some food for his horse. This he carried out in his handkerchief, and so attracted the attention of the sentry at the Gate. He was followed, seen to feed his horse, and then was arrested as a suspicious character. A word would have brought Dr. Grant

to the rescue, who was then in Rome at the English College, but our brave deacon was afraid that his proceedings would in some way compromise the College, so he would not mention its name. The police had got possession of an Englishman : that was unmistakeable, and they contented themselves with making him take out his *carta di sicurezza*, and then they set him free. Nothing loth, he mounted his horse and rode out to us at Monte Porzio. Meanwhile, we had been for a night and the greater part of a day in the greatest anxiety respecting our lost comrade. That he had been pulled down and killed by the Campagna dogs was a fear pretty generally entertained, and, unfortunately, for that night nothing could be done. Early in the morning several parties were organized to scour the Campagna, and they were dropping in one after another, able to tell us nothing about him and learning nothing from us, when to our great relief our truant reappeared, with no worse penalty than having to pay the second day's hire of his horse.

The riding excursions were generally limited to a single day. Far more enjoyable were the expeditions on foot, when there was a new resting-place each night to look forward to. Sometimes a religious house would take us in, sometimes we tried our fortunes at an *osteria*. The advantage of the latter was that we could order our food to our own fashion, more especially at breakfast, which of course was wanted to fortify us for our day's walk. Once an excellent Abbot of a monastery received us with open arms and showed us what religious hospitality was ; but all his good-will could not suggest to him that Englishmen wanted a solid breakfast and were not good for much exertion without it. Overnight we had done excellently, but in the morning, after an early Mass, and by way of preparation for a long day's walk in the mountains, the breakfast to which our kind-hearted Abbot introduced us consisted of a tiny cup of excellent chocolate, a sponge cake or two, and a glass of lemonade. We took it, promising ourselves that before we left the town we would drop in on some house of entertainment and secure some bread and butter and *café au lait*, and if possible a little meat. What was our consternation when we discovered that our Abbot was bent on seeing us a mile or two on our way ! There was nothing for it but to put a good face on it, and as soon as our well-intentioned host left us, have a hearty laugh at our mishap. It was late enough before our hunger was satisfied that day, for one of the peculiarities of an Italian *osteria* was this, that there

never was anything to be found in it to eat out of meal-times. So, however famished you might be on arriving, you had to wait till your meal was prepared before you could get anything to eat.

Subiaco was splendid. There were three ways by which we could go there, each more interesting than the other: one the high-road from Tivoli, the second a shorter road from Tivoli across the mountains, and the third, taking it as it were in the flank by going right round to Olevano before we attacked the mountains. The way was delightful, but Subiaco was better than the way that led to it. The two monasteries are a mile or two above the town, up in a charming valley of their own, fragrant with memories of St. Benedict; the upper monastery, the Sacro Speco, and the lower and larger, Santa Scolastica, and in both the holy patriarch of Western monks has never ceased to live and breathe. In old time there must have been a dam across the valley, which made the lake whence the place derived its name of Subiaco. It was the lake on which, by a miracle unexampled since St. Peter, as the Roman Martyrology says, St. Maur walked upon the water. There are some beautiful things at St. Scholastica's, for instance, the mediæval fresco in the canopy of which we have King David counselling custody of the tongue, and beneath, St. Benedict, with his finger on his lips, bidding us act on his counsel. There is the chapel, interesting to an Englishman, built by Abate Casaretto to house the relics of Venerable Bede, with his *Semper legit, Semper scripsit, Semper docuit, Semper oravit* carved in the four corners. There is the garden where St. Benedict cast himself into the thorns, beautifully and symbolically all roses ever since. And at the glorious Sacro Speco, there is the cave where St. Benedict lay hidden from the world, with the great rock overhead, threatening the house beneath, but upheld ever, so that it should be a shelter and not a menace. The church there with its various levels, and the devout faithful going up its stairs on their knees, are a sight never to be forgotten. One thing that adds immensely to the sense of beauty is that as you go down the steps that lead from the church to the holy cave, you have on one side the rough rock untouched, on the other side the walls covered with ancient and most interesting frescoes. Not an easy place to tear yourself away from is the Sacro Speco at Subiaco.

It is less difficult when you are not going straight home, but are to penetrate still further up that noble valley and over the

hills to Trisulti and the Neapolitan frontier. It was the first time I was to stay in a Carthusian house—happily it was not the last—and at Subiaco I remember there was a guest who had travelled the other way and come from Trisulti. I said to him, "They never allow meat within their gates on any consideration, do they?" His answer was that they provided you so well with meagre food that you never thought about meat. *Pane stupendo*, he said, *acqua magnifica*, and so on with a string of epithets that experience soon told us were well deserved. We were taken by surprise to find all one side of the church at Trisulti painted in large frescoes with the story of the martyrdom of the English Carthusians. I think I may say that some mark of honour of our Carthusian Martyrs is to be found in every Charterhouse in the world. They were amongst the earliest of all our English Martyrs, and the strict laws of Urban the Eighth had not then been made. The wonder is that after those laws were made, the strong hand of authority did not require the removal of those signs of veneration that the Carthusians, more than any others, thus paid to their Martyrs prior to the sentence of the Holy See. The same thing no doubt was done in Rome, for the pictures of our uncanonized Martyrs were set round the walls of the Church of the English College there; but then that had the authority of Pope Gregory the Thirteenth, which has since obtained for us our equivalent Beatification. The Carthusians had no such Papal permission, and it is a happy thing that all the Martyrs they so honoured are included amongst those to whom Leo the Thirteenth has given the honours of Beatification. This legalizes that veneration, and it is fortunate for the Carthusians and for the Cause of their Martyrs that it does so, for they certainly could not have faced a Process *de non cultu*, as they would have had to do, if the Martyrs had been proposed for Beatification by the ordinary way and not in virtue of Gregory the Thirteenth's exceptional concession. Such thoughts were not presented to my mind by the Trisulti frescoes, for I did not then know, what our Beatification has proved to us so distinctly, that pictures on our church walls of Martyrs and Martyrdoms are marks and proofs of *cultus*.

Not far from Trisulti we left on our right a little place that figures in an important way in the life of St. Thomas of Aquin. Castel San Giovanni is the place where he was treated as a prisoner by his own kith and kin, to prevent him from obeying

the vocation to religion that God had given him. It is the place where with a brand from the hearth he drove away the temptress who came to rob him of the virtue that gave him a higher title to the surname of Angelic than even the loftiness of his spiritual understanding. Here it was, after this decisive victory, that the angels came and girded him with the emblem of a chastity that was never again to be subject even to interior trial.

Casamari was our next resting-place. I am writing as though I were recalling some one particular expedition; but though I have only once been to Trisulti, I have often been to Subiaco, and almost as often to Casamari. It was a Trappist Monastery, very near the borders of the Neapolitan territory, a Trappist Monastery, but ruled by a Camaldolese Abbot. Pius the Ninth had sent him there, I suppose because the Trappist monks had no one amongst them fit for government, but it looked curious to see the Camaldolese habit on the Abbot and the Cistercian on all the community. The Abbot had been a monk of San Gregorio in Monte Celio, the monastery that gave us Pope Gregory the Sixteenth, and the church that Pius the Ninth chose to be our Archbishop's Cardinalitial title. That Abbot was what the writers of inscriptions in the Catacombs would have called *Anima dulcissima*. The memory of him has remained as deeply impressed on my mind as that of any one I ever met, and for thirty-five or forty years I have kept steadily to my side of a bargain we made to name each other in our *Memento* at Mass. I have had the best of that bargain, I know, though I am sure that I must have said many more Masses than he, for he was my senior by many years, and long ago God must have taken him from the evil days that were to come on the religious of Italy. I have not heard what has become of Casamari, as I do not like to ask. It comes up before me as a Gothic church with a vaulted roof, filled with the appropriate sound of a plain-chant *Salve Regina* at night-fall.

On one occasion our walk was prolonged to Monte Cassino. Eighteen miles of an excellent road took us to San Germano, at the foot of Monte Cassino. We did then what I should be sorry to try to do again, for we walked those miles in a quarter of an hour apiece, and kept up the pace to the end of the eighteenth. It was something of a feat, for the miles marked by the milestones were Neapolitan miles, and they had

a furlong more than an English mile, while the Roman mile had a furlong less. I take no credit for the achievement, for I am convinced that it is a very foolish thing for young men who are leading sedentary lives, when they go out for a holiday, to overtax themselves and do what would be reasonable only if they were in athletic training. On another occasion we did forty miles in a day—Roman miles, it is true, but even so too much to undertake. It was not altogether our fault, for we could not find lodging where we had expected to find it, and there was nothing for it but to go on to the next town. On the following day we had to content ourselves with a proportionately light day's work.

However, this is travelling away from San Germano and Monte Cassino. On the side of that level road there was a fig-tree, and its fruit was unlike any figs I have seen before or since. The inside of the skin of the fig was rough with sharp little prickles, like a cat's tongue, and eating it made the mouth quite sore. That was not our only mishap, for we had a thunderstorm to welcome us as we approached San Germano, which wetted us through and through; and we had to go to bed at the inn whilst our clothes dried. For a fire to dry them at, we could of course have nothing but one of those wonderful Italian fires, made of the very lightest possible fuel, which blazes up and scorches your face, and then speedily dies down and leaves you to throw on more twigs, almost at once.

Monte Cassino is a glorious place, and I suppose that the hand of the spoiler has not been so hard on it as on the other monasteries of those days. The Abbot is a *gran Signore*, greater than one of our old English mitred abbots, and that is saying a great deal, for they were *grandi Signori* too. But the Abbot of Monte Cassino exercises quasi-episcopal jurisdiction over a large territory, so that he is not simply exempt in the midst of a bishop's diocese, but he himself holds the place of a bishop, and has his power and jurisdiction. At Subiaco it was so once, and nominally is so still, but the abbacy to which the episcopal jurisdiction is attached is separated from the monasteries of Santa Scolastica and the Sacro Speco, and is held *in commendam* usually by a Cardinal.

The Church of Monte Cassino is very striking to those whose eyes are accustomed only to the churches of Rome. It is entirely lined, Florentine fashion, with inlaid marbles.

The effect is admirable, but to have seen a church that gives you the impression of being completely finished, makes you feel dissatisfied afterwards with an ordinary Roman church. The Roman style calls aloud for marble. At Carrara, there is a little parish church, thoroughly and entirely lined with the lovely white marble from the Carrara quarries, which is in its proper place inside a church. Outside, the rain turns that pure white marble black, as any one may see who looks at the statues on the Bridge of Sant' Angelo in Rome. The Florentine style is richer still, for not only is the church lined with marble, but it is inlaid in elaborate designs in marble. This may perhaps look somewhat too domestic for a church, but it cannot be denied that the effect is beautiful, and is a great relief to the sameness of the Roman style of church architecture.

Monte Cassino brings home the thought of St. Benedict, and that *sanctimonialis femina*, as St. Gregory calls her, his sister, St. Scholastica. Down below there, in sight from the monastery, is the scene of that wonderful conversation upon heavenly things prolonged through the night, the scene of the wonderful prayer by which that conversation was won, the scene of the thunder and the lightning and the rain that kept St. Benedict out of his monastery when his Rule would have taken him home; and this, where we are, on the mountain top, is the place where St. Benedict saw his sister's white soul going up into Heaven, and where later on, his disciples saw the path by which his soul followed hers. There in the church they rest side by side under the altar, a treasure to make this place a sanctuary indeed.

From Monte Cassino home again, and leaving the hills on our right as we return to Monte Porzio, we take on our way Veroli and Anagni, two ancient episcopal cities. Veroli has as fine a treasury of relics as one could wish to see. I remember once in England, in an exhibition, coming across an extremely interesting ivory box, made to contain relics, and dating back to the ninth or tenth century, and to my surprise the inscription said that it was brought from the treasury at Veroli. It seems a sad pity when treasures are dispersed. Sometimes it is lawfully done, as when the Bishop of Saragossa sold all the splendid offerings that had been made to Our Lady of the Pillar. He obtained the Pope's leave to do so, in order to spend the money on the Cathedral. One

hears it with the sort of feeling with which one reads that Wolsey sold the lesser monasteries. It might have been necessary, but it is very sad. No doubt Veroli sold its beautiful ivory casket with all necessary permissions, but it is impossible not to feel that it is a pity it was sold. In that treasury there is something that I could covet more than the ivory casket. It is a silver bust containing a relic of St. Thomas of Canterbury. There is an inscription on the pedestal, saying that it was made by one of the canons of the Cathedral two centuries and a half ago. The mitre is a high one, as might be expected at that date, and in it there is no beauty; but the face of the Saint is charming, and I could not help thinking that it was older than the date when the reliquary was made up. It is beardless, as are all old representations of St. Thomas of Canterbury, and it is a pity that in modern stained glass this ancient tradition should be departed from. Certainly, if any one wanted a statue of St. Thomas, he could not do better than copy the head at Veroli, putting on it, of course, a mitre like the Saint's own, the beautiful mitre from Sens, which enriches the domestic chapel of our Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

Anagni is another interesting old town, and there in the sacristy of the Cathedral is to be seen a full set of vestments of English workmanship, portraying many English saints, and amongst others, on one of the dalmatics, St. Thomas of Canterbury and his martyrdom. These vestments are the gift of Pope Innocent the Third, and they were given by him to the Cathedral of Anagni in 1200. The story runs that St. Thomas himself once was at Anagni, on a visit to Pope Alexander the Third, in 1169, when living there. An altar in the crypt used to be pointed out as that at which the Saint said Mass during his stay at Anagni. It is hard to prove a negative, but it seems hardly possible that St. Thomas should have been there at any time during his exile. All his movements are minutely known, and even if a visit to Anagni had escaped his numerous and careful biographers, it would surely be alluded to somewhere in the voluminous correspondence of the time that has been preserved. It was pleasant in that Cathedral, not only to see the beautiful twelfth century vestments in that needlework for which England was renowned, but also to see on a picture in the choir chapel an inscription bearing the date of May, 1325, saying that they had relics of St. Thomas of

Canterbury, with those of his namesake, St. Thomas of Aquin, and of St. Peter, Bishop of Anagni.

One other place I must mention, and that is Segni in the Volscians, not in order to describe its wonderful Pelasgic remains, but only to record that in the Bishop's palace there is a picture of an Englishman, Philip Michael Ellis, O.S.B., who, having been one of the four Vicars Apostolic consecrated in England in the reign of James the Second, was translated to Segni in 1708, and died there in 1726, in his seventy-fifth year.

And now that we have got home to Monte Porzio, I must before I end my chapter write down something of the history of a companion of ours on many of these excursions. He was a dog, and the name we gave him was Smike. The inhabitants of Monte Porzio had an experience of him very different from ours, and they called him *Crudele*, and said he bit the children. With us he never made show of biting anything but what might be given him to eat, and there was so little cruelty in our experience of him that evidently the creature led two lives and had a dual nature. A red dog he was—a kind of terrier I was going to say, but hardly can say, as I never saw another terrier of the kind, and so, Indian fashion, I call him a pariah dog. It seemed that he had no owner, and he chose to attach himself to us. Poor beast! Our holidays must have been his little glimpse of Paradise, when he got a kind word—in English, it is true, but friendly for all that, and he answered to the name we gave him readily enough. Cruelty I take it there had been, but not on his side, and I venture to conjecture that if he snapped at the children in the village it was in self-defence. The only weapon of self-defence he ever employed against us was to say "Owgh!" He said it loudly and sharply, and he only said it once at a time; but he said it on the slightest touch. His favourite habit was to come into our refectory—the ground-floor room that looked out on Monte Catone and the Spanish chestnut-trees—and to walk round the room under the seat against the wall on which we sat. Nobody knew he was there until some restless man would throw his heels back, and then if they chanced to touch Smike, as they hardly ever failed to do, there was no mistaking the "Owgh!" that followed. This was his only fault, for he would trot along contentedly with us for any distance, happy to take up his quarters anywhere, and winning his dinner by the quiet way in which he abstained from begging.

The dog did not seem to know what fatigue meant; at any rate, I never saw in him the very least sign of being tired. Once he lost us at the end of a long day's walk, and he trotted straight back to Monte Porzio without stopping, as I gathered by inquiring the time of his reappearance at the College. I think that was the day when we were mobbed at Veroli—mobbed, that is, in the friendliest way, but so surrounded by the natives that Smike lost us altogether. We had called on the Bishop of Veroli, and he asked one of his Canons to take us into the Cathedral and show us the treasury. A crowd surrounded us and pent us in to our mingled amusement and indignation. Whether it was astonishment at the discovery that Englishmen could be Catholics, or whether it was surprise at the sight of a party of young ecclesiastics who did their travelling on foot, or whether it was curiosity pure and simple I cannot say, but we did get stared at unmitigatedly from time to time, and now and then by crowds. Once we betook ourselves to a barber's shop, to get the benefit, after the fashion of the country, of the singularly expert use of the razor that the professional shaver possesses. The room was open to the street, with broad open doors. There we gravely sat waiting our turn, while one was under the barber's hands, and the entire population, as it seemed to us, stood around speechless with delight that it had fallen to their lot to see the sight. If I were to add that it had the effect of shortening the tempers of some of us, I should probably not be far wrong.

But Smike! What has become of Smike? I promised myself five-and-thirty years ago that some day I would write a memoir of Smike, and if I do not do it now I shall go down to my grave leaving Smike's memory unhonoured. One single continuous story of him I will tell, and quite enough, too, for no art can make it short. A party of us were going to the Jesuits at Galloro to make our retreat there. Smike chose to be of the party. As we started to make our way across through the woods from one side of the Alban range to the other, some one expostulated: "Ought not Smike to be left behind?" I pleaded for the poor beast, that he might have a walk, and I rashly said, "It will be easy enough to shut him out when we get there, and he will go home." We got there, and were admitted through the outer gate, and I went through the farce of excluding Smike. He took it quietly, and well he might, for he had but to turn to the right, run a few yards, and the

wall came to a sudden end, and then he outflanked the obstacle and met us at the house door. It was impossible not to have a hearty laugh at that little arrangement, which I have seen elsewhere in Italy, but never out of Italy. It is the honour and glory of the thing, I suppose, to build the gate and a few yards of wall while all the rest of the enclosure is practically, though not theoretically, unenclosed.

Smikey was solemnly shut out as we entered the front door, and enjoined in our best English to go home. But he did not. He waited quietly till somebody else entered, and then in he came. He found out my room in a moment, and expected to be made welcome. Well, he was not; and as I took him down to the front door, and adjured him to depart, I read in his face that I had not seen the last of Smikey. I returned to my room, and began to set myself in order, when after a few minutes there came a gentle rap at my door, and a lay-brother silently beckoned to me to come. He led me off to the room of an old Father, who had retired into a safe corner, while two lay-brothers on their knees were trying with broom handles to dislodge Smikey, who had taken refuge beneath the bed. All they succeeded in doing was to elicit from him an emphatic "Owgh!" every time they touched him, and then he shifted over to another corner. I snapped my fingers, and out came Smikey with as near an approach to a smile on his face and a wag on his stump of a tail as he ever allowed himself. Once more he was shown the front door, and was spoken to more solemnly than ever.

Our next move was to the little chapel, where we were to hear the preliminary instruction from the Father who was to give us our retreat. We knelt down for a little prayer first, and as I rose from my knees I heard "Owgh!" which signified that Smikey had been touched by my foot, and said so. He remained quiet enough during the discourse, the subject of which was sadly mixed in my mind with the thought of Smikey. From the chapel we went to the refectory for supper, Smikey accompanying us, nothing loth. We were ranged on the outside of the tables in three sides of a square waiting for grace, and Smikey occupied the middle of the room, diverting himself by jumping at the flies. A tendency to laugh, when there is not much to laugh at, is apt to take possession of you sometimes when you go into retreat; and I imagine that the good Father, who came to me after supper and said, "If you want those young men to make a good retreat, I would advise you to get rid of that dog," had

good reason for what he said. "Get rid of him!" Of course I wanted to get rid of him, but it is easier to give advice sometimes than to carry it out. In a moment of despair I called a man and said to him, "Get rid of that dog!" He went away leading Smike, who would have put his tail between his legs or what remained of it if it had not been so short and stiff. By and by the man returned, and I asked him what he had done with Smike. "Thrown him over the viaduct," was the answer. Now that viaduct is a magnificent bridge of three stories, built by Pius the Ninth, and worthy of the ancient Romans. "Poor beast," I said, "I must go out and see what has become of him. He may be lying there half-dead." Not he. The words were hardly said when Smike reappeared, as calm as if nothing had happened. What had happened I do not know, but I suppose that he had fallen on a bush or into a tree. At any rate, there he was, and there he meant to pass the night. And so he did on a chair; but unhappily for me the four legs of the chair were not of the same length, and the rattling he made woke me many times, when he was more than usually molested by the fleas, which in that country freely overrun both man and beast.

Early in the morning I started off, with Smike contentedly running at my heels. The Collegio Pio, which since has been amalgamated with the English College, was then taking its *villeggiatura* at Genzano. I was met by the present Bishop of Shrewsbury, who never yet refused to help a man in trouble. "Take care of Smike? Of course he would," and Smike was tied up then and there. I retraced my steps to Galloro with a light heart, and fell into the retreat, and all went well till we went down into the garden for a walk and some fresh air. Who should walk up to us but Smike? A piece of cord was fastened to his neck, showing that he had bitten himself loose. There was nothing for it but to revisit Genzano, and to express oneself with a fervour and an earnestness with which one seldom makes a petition. Dr. Knight shut him up in a garret this time, and turned the key upon him, and when our retreat was over, we went and released Smike from his.

One word more about the dog. Smike accompanied us on the pilgrimage to Our Lady of Good Counsel at Gennazzano, the history of which I have already told. But I then left out Smike's part of the story. Poor dog! it was not altogether a pleasant pilgrimage for him, and, without meaning it, he made it uncomfortable for us. When we were shown into the house

of the Augustinian Fathers, he was shut out, but he found his way into the church. On our coming into the sanctuary for Mass he found us out immediately, and of course got as close to us as he could. This was embarrassing for me while saying Mass, for when I was at the book, Smike went to the middle of the altar, and when I was at the middle of the altar, Smike went to the book. At length in a rash moment Smike ventured outside the sanctuary. The picture of Our Lady of Good Counsel, with all its votive offerings, is protected by strong iron screens, and at the door through which we entered this enclosed sanctuary, there was a sentry stationed, to do honour to the festival and mount guard over our Lady. Smike wandered within reach of him, and the butt end of the soldier's musket fell heavily on poor Smike's flank. For once he did not say "Owgh!" but the din he raised was so tremendous that I did not know whether I was on my head or my heels. I felt much as once I did at Monte Porzio, when I served as deacon at the parish church and the parroco sang High Mass on the feast-day of the village. At the Elevation, with the church doors wide open, a pile of fireworks in the piazza just outside was let off with a bang, bang, bang, that went on increasing in intensity as the closely rammed powder exploded, till at last the final explosions, all of which sounded as though they were inside the church, simply knocked you into the middle of next week, or at any rate out of all possibility of recognizing the present. Smike's howls in the church did not disturb the Italians, who took it all as a matter of course, but I was not sorry when they died away in the distance. He did not wait to go home with us that day. Poor old Smike! I hear that he has been hanged in his native village for all the crimes a dog could commit. I confess that I honour him for his fidelity to a stranger and for his gratitude for small favours, and if I have a fault to find with him, it is not want of goodness, but that he could be too good, as indeed we have seen.

JOHN MORRIS.

The Story of St. Abercius: a Byzantine Forgery?

IT used to be an accepted principle in estimating evidence that a statement should be held to be true until the author of it was proved a liar. One of the curious results of modern sceptical tendencies is that, in some departments of history at least, a canon of quite contrary import has come to prevail. Any document, we are told, which reaches us through Byzantine channels, and especially any document which testifies to the truth or development of Christianity, is to be presumed a forgery, until it is shown from independent sources to be unquestionably genuine.

If this is the last word of our new critical methods, a few words of protest may not be out of place. No doubt it must be admitted that many of the chronicles we possess are open to grave suspicion, that they appeal to documents that never existed, that in at least some few cases we meet with real forgeries, *i.e.*, fabrications made with intent to deceive, and falsely professing to be originals. But when all this is allowed for, it remains true that these records are often genuine, and that if they are rejected it is not unfrequently because they are submitted to tests which transcend the requirements of legitimate criticism. In particular, the much disputed letters of Antoninus Pius and Aurelius respecting the Christians, suffer from the stigma attaching to the channels through which they have come to us, and even so judicious a scholar as Bishop Lightfoot seems in this matter to be unnecessarily sceptical. Be this as it may, every investigation tending to restore confidence in the good faith of our Byzantine chroniclers is likely just now to do a service to the cause of historical truth.

In the present paper I propose to examine an historical document which is confessedly of very second-rate authority. It is the *Life of a Saint* which was regarded with some suspicion by Baronius, which is remarkable even among such records for the prominence of the miraculous element, and which more than

one Catholic writer of the present day has pronounced to be a fable.¹ Still, the fact that the wonderful epitaph embedded in it has been proved authentic, and that part of the tomb from which it must have been copied more than fifteen hundred years ago is now lying in the University Museum at Aberdeen, must make us hesitate a little before we sweep aside the whole narrative in which this genuine monument is inserted. Curious and even puerile as the story may seem to many readers, there can be no doubt that it repays further study, and I think we shall find that the legend, if legend it is, is at least built on a solid foundation of fact. The narrative is much too long to be set down in full, but in giving an account of its principal incidents I will endeavour to represent it as fairly as possible, suppressing none of its more dubious features.

St. Abercius, the subject of the biography, was Bishop of Hierapolis in Phrygia in the time of Marcus Aurelius. Although his name was not known to Western Christendom before Baronius, the menologies and other service books of the Greek Church nearly all make reference to him at more or less length. But the details thus made known to us seem, with the exception of one or two accidental blunders, to have all been derived from the *Acta*, the Life with which we are now concerned, which is preserved to us in three distinct Greek versions. Fortunately, however, these three versions are in close agreement, so that in summarizing the narrative as printed by the Bollandists, no notice need be taken of the peculiarities of the two other accounts.

The story opens abruptly and rather dramatically, with a description which might remind the classical reader of the prologue of a Greek play. The pagan population of the town of Hierapolis are holding high festival in honour of their gods, at the command of the Emperor. While the crowd of white-robed worshippers are thronging the temples, the Christian Bishop Abercius walks apart, his heart stirred with compassion, and he pours forth ardent prayers to God to rescue this deluded people from their blindness. That night there comes to him in his sleep the vision of a beautiful youth, who bids him in God's name cast down the images that are the objects of this idolatry. Abercius rises at once, goes forth before daybreak, and, forcing his way into the temple, overthrows the statues of Apollo and

¹ *Revue des Questions Historiques*, vol. xxxiv. (1883), pp. 22, seq.; *Civiltà Cattolica*, January, 1890, p. 216.

the other deities in the very presence of their worshippers. A popular outbreak follows, and the holy Bishop is on the verge of being stoned to death when three demoniacs, suddenly forcing their way through the crowd, present themselves before him. Standing there with the foam upon their lips, and their flesh torn with their own teeth, they conjure the Saint not to torment them before their time. The tumult is hushed, and when Abercius, with solemn prayers, expels the evil spirits in the name of Christ, the whole multitude are converted, and in due course receive Baptism. After this St. Abercius is represented as spending some time in peaceful works of charity, in which the gift of miracles is frequently displayed. In particular he restores to sight the mother of a Roman official, Euxenianus Pollio, and when he sees his people afflicted with sickness he causes a hot spring to well up from the ground, which proves most efficacious in relieving the sufferers of all the surrounding district. But he was not allowed to remain long in quiet. The evil spirit, still smarting from his defeat, conceives and executes a most complicated plan for disturbing the Saint's repose. Betaking himself to Rome, the devil enters into Lucilla, the daughter of Marcus Aurelius, who was promised in marriage to his colleague, Lucius Verus, at that time commanding in the East against the Parthian King Vologesus. The Emperor is much afflicted at this sudden seizure, but he makes an excuse of some disturbances in Germany which require his presence, and thus avoids fulfilling his engagement of bringing his daughter to Ephesus, where the marriage was fixed to take place, "in the Temple of Artemis." In the meantime every means is tried to expel the evil spirit, but in vain. The priests of Rome are summoned, and augurs are brought from Etruria, but at last the devil himself gives them to understand that no other means can drive him from his victim than the presence of the holy Bishop Abercius, of Hierapolis in Lesser Phrygia.

Then we have a document inserted purporting to be a letter of the Emperor, Marcus Aurelius, to the Euxenianus Pollio mentioned above. The Emperor commends him for his devotion to the sufferers in the late earthquake at Smyrna, and enjoins him to send to Rome the Christian Bishop Abercius, who is celebrated for his piety and his gifts of healing. But perhaps it will be better to give this curious epistle in full.

Antoninus Imperator Augustus to Euxenianus Pollio greeting.

Having had actual experience of your devotion, especially in what

you did at Smyrna by our Royal command in relieving the sufferings of the inhabitants in the disaster which befell them through the earthquake (ἐπικονφίσας Σμυρναίους τὴν ἐκ τοῦ κλόνου τῆς γῆς ἐπιγενομένην αὐτοῖς συμφορὰν), I both felt great satisfaction, as you may believe, and I commended you for your zeal in that undertaking. For in every point I was as accurately informed as if I had been present, since both your despatch, and the messenger who delivered it, and our procurator Cæcilius, made an exact report of all that was done. But for our present purpose, it having become known to us that a certain Abercius, Bishop of Hierapolis, resides in your neighbourhood, a man of such piety among the Christians that he cures demoniacs, and most readily heals other diseases, we, requiring his assistance in our necessity, have sent Valerius and Bassianus, *magistriani* of our most honourable household (μαγιστριανὸς τῶν θεῶν ἡμῶν ὀφφικίων), to conduct him to us with all respect and honour. Accordingly, we charge you to induce this person to come to us with all good speed, and let your honour be assured that for this service also we shall owe you no small thanks. Farewell.¹

This letter he despatches by the two *magistriani*, who, using all speed, reach Brundisium in the astonishingly short space of two days, make their way by the Peloponnesus, Byzantium, and Nicomedeia to Hierapolis, and there make inquiries for the residence of Euxenianus. As it chances, they address their question to St. Abercius himself, who with his usual punctuality was returning home at the ninth hour for evening prayer. He, feeling some misgiving, asks the object of their visit, whereupon one of them, in a fit of passion, raises his whip to strike him. Straightway the arm is paralyzed, but this leads to explanations, and, to make a long story short, the Bishop eventually gives his consent and starts on his way to Rome. One incident, however, of this journey must not be passed over. It seems to have been held in special favour in the Greek Church, and the chronicler commends it to his readers somewhat as a mediæval writer might introduce a merry tale from the *Gesta Romanorum*. As provision for his journey, the Saint had taken with him a single wine-skin, into which he had poured together wine, vinegar, and oil. Then, as he went his way along the road, he espied a vine-dresser labouring somewhere in a vineyard, whereupon he called to him and bade him accompany him to Rome. The man, Trophimios by name, straightway took up his cloak and came along with him. But despite his readiness to leave all things, Trophimios had his failings. Being placed in charge of the

¹ From the Bollandist text. Oct. vol. ix. p. 505.

wine-skin, he was tempted once and again, when the way grew weary, surreptitiously to apply his lips to the orifice of the vessel and absorb a portion of its contents. But now mark the prodigy. Whenever he opened the skin at the bidding of Abercius, the right liquid, oil or vinegar or wine, whichever was wanted, flowed at once without admixture of any other. But when Trophimios applied to the same source for private purposes of his own then everything went wrong. If he wanted wine his mouth was filled with vinegar, if he wanted vinegar nothing would flow but oil. Thus, says the chronicler, trained by the Saint to honesty in spite of himself, he so came in the end to know the error of his ways.

On reaching Rome, Abercius found the Emperor absent on an expedition against the Germans. Being brought, however, to the Prefect Cornelianus, and conducted by him to the Empress Faustina, she receives him very honourably, and, with her approval, the exorcism of Lucilla takes place in the Circus Maximus, in the presence of all the Court. The evil spirit boasted loudly that he had executed his threat of bringing Abercius this long journey to Rome, but the Saint soon turns the tables upon him and inflicts a punishment in kind. For when the demon is forced to leave the Princess, the Bishop enjoins him to take up and transport to Hierapolis a stone altar which stood there in the circus, which was straightway accomplished before the eyes of all. Naturally Faustina, in her joy at her daughter's deliverance, sought to load Abercius with honours, but there are only two favours that he will accept. The first is that a bathing-house should be erected, at the cost of the Imperial treasury, in the place where the hot springs had first gushed forth at his bidding; the second, that an annual distribution should be made to the poor of Hierapolis of three thousand measures of corn. These are readily granted, and the distribution, we are told, was regularly made, down to the time of Julian the Apostate, "but he, grudging the Christians this, as he did every other good thing, ordered the dole to be discontinued."

The remaining incidents of the Life are somewhat fragmentary and disconnected. As St. Abercius is proposing to leave Rome, our Lord appears to him and bids him make his way to Syria. The Saint obeys, spends some time there in reconciling various Churches affected with the Marcionite heresy, and crosses the Euphrates into Mesopotamia. While

still detained in Syria and the surrounding country, he is solemnly saluted with the title, Ἰσαπόστολος (the equal of the Apostles), at the instance of one Barchasanes, who had previously tried to induce him to accept a more material acknowledgment of their gratitude. Eventually he returns to his own diocese, and on the journey is recorded another of those consciously ludicrous episodes for which these *Acta* are remarkable. The holy Bishop had seated himself in weariness on a stone near where some men were winnowing corn. The strong mountain wind blew the chaff into his face, and he asked the workmen to cease their labour for awhile. But they refused. Whereupon the Saint caused the wind by his prayers to fall so completely that in spite of themselves they were forced to desist. Then they began their mid-day meal, and Abercius, who was thirsty, asked them for a drink of water. He was again jeeringly refused, and accordingly he laid a curse upon them—that they should eat without ever being able to satisfy their hunger. And the effects of this curse, adds the chronicler, last with their descendants even down to our own day. Finally, after some years spent with his flock, after drawing from the rock a stream of fresh water at a spot on the top of a high hill, thence called “the place of the kneeling,” and after composing a book of instructions for his clergy and people, the Saint is warned by our Lord that his end is close at hand. Thereupon he chooses for his tombstone a square slab, on which he sets up the altar which the devil had brought from Rome, adding an inscription. This inscription, which, the chronicle says, has become from the effects of time somewhat worn and difficult to read in parts, is then exactly transcribed, and the story closes with a brief relation of the Saint's last words and death.

Of the wonderful Christian epitaph which this curious narrative has preserved for us I have already spoken at length in a former article in *THE MONTH*.¹ Let me only repeat here that, by the energy of Mr. W. M. Ramsay, the greater portion of this very tomb has lately been discovered *in situ*, and that it still bears an inscription in exact accordance with the text of the *Acta*. But our present concern is not with the epitaph but with the Life.

It would be superfluous to dilate upon the wide differences of opinion which have been held with regard to this narrative. From the scathing satire of Tillemont to the pious enthusiasm

¹ May, 1890, p. 38.

of Father Halloix is a long step. Suffice it to say, that among modern writers there are some like the Bollandists, who apparently accept it in its entirety; others, amongst them De Rossi and Ramsay, who admit a slight foundation of fact afterwards expanded and developed by local tradition; and others again who follow the Abbé Duchesne in believing the whole narrative to be a pure fiction suggested to some imaginative genius by the allegorical language of the epitaph. Bearing in mind these different points of view, let us turn to a few of the details which have been most discussed, and in the first place to one which, being formerly a very serious difficulty indeed, is now a difficulty no longer.

The Church of Hierapolis, in Phrygia, was one of the most distinguished of those of Asia Minor. It was of Apostolic origin, being mentioned in one of St. Paul's Epistles, and the names of several of the early occupants of the see are known to us, more especially in the second century those of St. Papias and St. Apollinaris. Now the latter of these we are expressly told was made Bishop in A.D. 171, and as St. Papias must have lived on well past the middle of the century, very little room is left for the episcopacy of St. Abercius, the more so as we learn from the *Acta* that he was not immediately succeeded by St. Apollinaris, but by another Abercius. Moreover, his journey to Rome cannot be placed earlier than the year 163, the year of Lucilla's marriage to Verus. The answer to the difficulty is a very instructive one. There were *two* cities of the name in Phrygia, or rather one Hierapolis in what was called Phrygia Major, or Pacatiana, another Hierapolis, in Phrygia Minor, otherwise known as Phrygia Salutaris. Yet no indication of this distinction will be found either in Strabo and the ancient geographers, nor, till quite recently, in the most thorough modern works on the subject. The existence of the two separate sees was first asserted by Lequien,¹ though it is not alluded to in the *text* of his three volumes, and escaped the notice of the Bollandists in the places where they cite him. It is only of late years that this conjecture has been proved a certainty by the explorations of Mr. W. Ramsay. But even if the Hierapolis in Lesser Phrygia, or Hieropolis, as we must in future call it, had been supposed to exist, it would still have been impossible to identify St. Abercius with any other city than its better known rival on the Lycus. For this Hierapolis was celebrated through-

¹ *Oriens Christianus*, i. Index, p. xv. The work was published after his death.

out antiquity for hot springs, exactly similar to those which play so conspicuous a part in the legend. A Scripture commentator who should explain a difficulty by supposing the existence of a second city of the same name, and who should, moreover, require us to believe that the second also agreed with the first in possessing so distinctive a feature as hot springs, would be laughed to scorn. Yet Mr. Ramsay's explorations have proved that this was exactly the case, and that the site he has discovered is alone in strict accordance with the *Acta*, for whereas the hot springs of Hierapolis are *in* the town, those of Hieropolis are found a mile or two away from its southern gate, exactly in the position that the story supposes.

Having thus established satisfactorily the locality to which the biography refers, we are next led to inquire something about its authorship and date. As was mentioned above, it has been preserved to us in three versions, all of them agreeing closely in the circumstances narrated, and in the order of events, but exhibiting no verbal resemblance. It is, in fact, the same story told by three different people. Of two of these versions, only one manuscript copy is known to exist. The shortest of all, preserved in the MS. Coislin 110, of the eleventh century, in the National Library of Paris, has been printed by Boissonade in his *Anecdota Græca*,¹ and may be conveniently referred to by his name. The next, of intermediate length, is found in the thirteenth century MS. numbered 1540, in the same library, but has never yet seen the light. The last, and longest, is very common, and is universally ascribed to the compiler known as Simeon the Metaphrast. This Byzantine writer of the tenth century edited a great collection of such lives, retelling the story in his own words (hence the name of *Metaphrast*), and often, as it is shrewdly suspected, altering and amplifying with very little regard for historical accuracy, the materials he had before him. The Metaphrast version has several times been printed, and may be found in Migne and in the Bollandists. Now the agreement between these narratives is so great, that it is quite impossible to conceive them as altogether independent. Either one of them was the basis of the other two, or else they were all three derived from some common original which has not been preserved to us. It is this latter view which I think must be the true one. For in the first place, that the Metaphrast's version cannot have been developed out of Boissonade's, or the

¹ Vol. v. p. 462.

intermediate recension, is clear from the fact that both these latter omit some few words of the original inscription which are nevertheless found in the Metaphrast. Now if the Metaphrast had copied from the Boissonade version, it is obviously impossible that his text should contain more of the inscription than the source from which he derived it. On the other hand, that Boissonade was merely an abridgment of the Metaphrast seems hardly less unlikely; for the former is more generally accurate, and retains a few slight local touches which the other has discarded. Moreover, it is quite certain that some written version containing just the same incidents as ours must have been in existence before the time of the Metaphrast, for the whole story is told in brief in the Greek *melodi* of Clement belonging to the ninth century, and an allusion to it is found in a treatise *De Jejuniis Græcorum*, probably of about the same date. What then is to be said of this original compilation? I think with Mr. Ramsay, that we are safe in assuming two things—first, that the author unquestionably belonged to the neighbourhood of Hieropolis, and secondly, that he lived about the end of the fourth or the beginning of the fifth century, that is, a little more than two hundred years after the event he describes. The former of these statements is proved not only by the writer's accurate transcription of the epitaph, but also by his familiarity with the locality and its approaches. Thus he gives an accurate description of the position of the hot springs, he indicates the mountainous character of the road to Synnada, &c., but as he gets further from Hieropolis, as Mr. Ramsay well points out, the details of the topography become less exact. If any further proof were needed, it might be found in a sentence which has hitherto escaped observation, where the Boissonade version makes mention of the crowds who presented themselves for Baptism, "not only of *our own countrymen*, and natives of the district (οὐ τῶν ἡμεδαπῶν μόνον καὶ ἐγχωρίων), but of others from Greater Phrygia and other parts of Asia Minor."¹ I think that there must be preserved to us here one of those phrases of the original compiler which have not survived in the version of the Metaphrast.

On the question of date it is not possible to speak quite so positively. There can be no doubt that our narrative is subsequent to the year 363, for the Emperor Julian's name is expressly mentioned as having suppressed the dole to the poor of

¹ Boissonade, v. 469.

Hieropolis. On the other hand, the tone in which the reference is made would seem to preclude the idea of a very considerable interval. Bishop Lightfoot thinks he finds a less deceptive indication in the absence from the Metaphrast of any allusion to the name Phrygia *Salutaris*,¹ and also in the titles given to the Roman magistrates. In any case, it may be said that no solid argument can be urged for a contrary view.

Turning once more to the narrative itself, our attention is naturally drawn in the first place to the letter from the Emperor to Pollio, a piece of original material which occupies in some respects a corresponding position to the epitaph now so triumphantly vindicated. But there is one important difference between the two documents, for whereas in the case of the inscription on the tomb, our three versions are in close verbal agreement, except for the omission in two of them of a few words of special difficulty, the letter of Aurelius has met with the same treatment as the rest of the legend, and has been practically rewritten in each case. Can we suppose that three chroniclers would so treat what they really believed to be a genuine document? It certainly is inserted not as a summary, but as the original itself, and is copied, it seems, in the manuscripts with the same quotation marks which are used for the inscription.² To this serious problem I would suggest, but with some diffidence, that an answer may be found in the fact that the original letter, *if* genuine, was in *Latin*. Though Marcus Aurelius wrote his Commentaries in Greek, he habitually corresponded in Latin with Fronto and other friends, and there is no reason why his instructions to a Roman official should not be couched in the same language. If this were granted, the disagreement of the versions would be readily explained. Moreover, the suggestion, as will be seen as we proceed, receives some curious confirmation from the phrases which occur in the Greek text of the letter itself.

But the most fatal objection to the document, one which has been urged against it by Lightfoot, Ramsay, and all previous writers, and before which even the Bollandists seem disposed to give way, is to be found in the allusion to the earthquake. Now the great earthquake, by which Smyrna was nearly

¹ *Ignatius and Polycarp*, i. 483. The Paris MS. 1540, however, does mention Phrygia *Salutaris*.

² It certainly is so in the MS. Harl. 5603, the only British Museum manuscript which contains this Life. The exquisitely written MS. of the Metaphrast, Harl. 11870, has unfortunately lost the whole month of October.

reduced to ruins, took place quite at the end of Aurelius' reign, *i.e.* in 178 A.D., and like that of Lisbon in comparatively modern times, it spread consternation throughout the Roman world. But this letter of Marcus Aurelius, if genuine, must have been written in 163 A.D., fifteen years before. Clearly then if the letter really refers to that disaster, there is not a word more to be said. But the very glaringness of the anachronism is to some extent its own refutation. The theory of those who maintain the whole *Life* to be a fiction requires that the fabricator should have been fairly, and more than fairly well-informed, about the history of this period. If this were so, it would be strange indeed that he should make so conspicuous a blunder.

But leaving this out of account, it is clearly essential to the objection that there should be no other earthquake than that of 178 to which the letter can refer. The fact seems to have been always tacitly assumed, and the defenders of the *Acta* have admitted it as well as their critics. And yet the assumption is absolutely unwarrantable. There *was* an earlier earthquake at Smyrna. We possess an account of it written by one who was a resident and an eye-witness,¹ and it can be proved to have taken place only a few years before the date at which Marcus Aurelius is supposed to have written. It is quite possible that this earthquake was afterwards overshadowed in the minds of men by the still greater catastrophe of 178; but that it was sufficiently serious to have called for Imperial intervention may be gathered from the statement of Aristides, that in one

¹ The account is to be found in the *Ῥητορικὰ Ἀργυρία* of the Rhetorician, Ælius Aristides, Ed. Dindorf, i. p. 497. It would be impossible in this place to attempt to unravel the intricate tangle of Aristidean chronology, but there can be no room for doubt that the earthquake which he describes as occurring during the government of Albus was distinct from the great earthquake of A.D. 178. The former was protracted (*ἡ συνέχεια τῶν σεισμῶν θαυμαστή*), the latter seems to have done its work of destruction in a single night; in the former Aristides was at Smyrna, and in the thick of it, in the latter he was providentially absent at Pergamum. (Cf. Aristides, i. pp. 439—440, and 764.) M. Waddington (*Fastes des Provinces Asiatiques*, pp. 214, 215; *Mémoire sur Aristide*, pp. 242, seq.) confirms the same conclusion by other arguments. He also assigns the first earthquake to A.D. 152; but the particular year is hardly more than a conjecture, though it is clear from the narrative of Aristides that it cannot possibly be later than 163, nor earlier than 147. It seems to me it might very well be later than 152, say in A.D. 159, or in 162, for it occurred after the death of Zosimus, his foster-father, and Zosimus appears to have been still living in the Proconsulate of Quadratus, A.D. 155. (Aristides, i. pp. 452 and 455.) On the other hand, the letter to the *κοινὸν Ἀφρίας*, and the statements of Dion Cassius, and others, seem to refer the series of earthquakes in different parts of Asia to a time some years before the death of Antoninus.

quarter of the city nothing was left standing except a few ruins. He speaks of his own property as escaping only by a miracle.

There is one slight difficulty remaining which arises from the wording of the document. Pollio is thanked for rendering aid to the sufferers "at our royal command" (*προστάξει τοῦ ἡμετέρου κράτους*). It might seem that this implied that Aurelius had been Emperor at the time of the earthquake, whereas, according to Waddington, at least, it took place in the year 152, nine years before his accession. It will be sufficient to answer that Aurelius, even before the death of his predecessor, had practically the power, though not the name of a colleague in the Empire. Aristides at this time speaks of seeing in a dream *the two* Emperors together,¹ and there is plenty of other evidence to show that much of the administration was entrusted to Aurelius. Further, a coin of Smyrna, which seems to connect him even before the death of Antoninus with some sort of restoration of the city, is described by Waddington² in his *Mémoire sur Aristide*, and is of peculiar interest to our present inquiry. The coin bears the effigy and inscription of Marcus Aurelius as *Cæsar* (he was therefore not yet Emperor), and on the reverse a representation of the dream of Alexander the Great, whom the goddess Nemesis, according to the legend, had enjoined in his sleep to set about the rebuilding of Smyrna. There is an allusion to this legend in Aristides, connecting it with a later restoration of the city, and it would seem probable therefore that the coin was struck to commemorate a similar action of Marcus Aurelius between the years 150 and 160 A.D. Nothing could possibly agree better with the statement of the disputed letter.

There is only one more objection urged against the genuineness of the document on intrinsic grounds, and it melts away upon examination as readily as the others. The Emperor tells his correspondent that he is sending to him two *magistriani*, a term which, according to Lightfoot, "seems to point to a time subsequent to the re-arrangement of officials under Diocletian and Constantine." Whether the name "*magistriani*" occurs in

¹ Aristides, i. p. 456.

² L.c. It is perhaps worth while to remark that M. Waddington's studies on the chronology of Aristides have met with almost universal acceptance among scholars of all opinions; and, moreover, that his conclusions cannot be suspected of bias in the present connection, for they were formed without any reference whatever to the Life of Abercius.

literature earlier than this I cannot pretend to say, but that the officials to whom it was afterwards commonly applied existed in the time of Marcus Aurelius, we have proved to us on the very best authority. When Verus, in A.D. 161, set out for the East, he was escorted as far as Capua by Marcus, so Capitolinus informs us, *amicis comitantibus e senatu, additis officiorum omnium principibus*.¹ Now these *principes officiorum*, or *magistri officiorum*, were afterwards confounded, rightly or wrongly, with the officials called *magistriani*,² and there would be no cause for wonder if a not very scrupulous transcriber in a later age should discard the term *magistri* for a termination more familiar to him. But if there is any truth in the suggestion made above, we have not to do here with transcribers, but with translators, and we thus have an explanation of the curiously Latin form of the phrase used. When the chronicler speaks of them in his own person, they are simply *μαγιστριανοί*, when he is translating he keeps to the formal designation of the Latin, and the *magistri divinarum officiorum* appears as *μαγιστριανοὶ τῶν θεῶν ἡμῶν ὀφφικίων*. We may notice here in the same connection the words of the Greek text in referring to the earthquake. Now, as every schoolboy knows, the ordinary Greek word for earthquake is *σεισμός*, but this is not the term employed either in the Metaphrast version or in that of Boissonade. The phrase used in both of these is *κλόνος τῆς γῆς*. *κλόνος* is not exactly a common word, and its use in literature is chiefly poetical, but it would seem perhaps better than any other to render literally the Latin term *terra-motus*. Thus until examples can be brought of the common use of *κλόνος τῆς γῆς* among the early Byzantine writers in lieu of *σεισμός*, we may venture perhaps to think that this phrase, like the other, is best explained by the supposition of a Latin original.

I must dismiss very briefly the objections which have been raised against the rest of the *Acta*. If we leave out of account the superabounding element of the marvellous which everywhere pervades them, there is nothing to cause a serious difficulty. There are small inaccuracies, impossible statements in matters of minor importance, or perhaps purely fictitious details, but these things cannot surprise us in a narrative first put together two hundred years after the events it describes. The Life says that Aurelius was engaged in Germany when

¹ Capitolinus, *In Marcum*, p. 25.

² See Salmasius, *Historia Augusta*, Not. pp. 83, 225, 293.

Abercius came to Rome. We have no record of any such absence before A.D. 166, but then our records are very scanty. Only quite recently evidence was found of a military expedition to the East conducted by Antoninus in person, previously unknown and undreamed of. Brundisium again can hardly be reached in two days from Rome, neither would the messengers of Aurelius have been likely to follow the route attributed to them, nor could the marriage ceremony at Ephesus have taken place in a temple. But such blunders as these, were they more numerous than they are, do not, it seems to me, impair that solid foundation of fact which is all that I contend for. And what is very curious in this connection is that nearly all these mistakes are absent from the Boissonade version. Whether the Metaphrast has been amplifying the story which he originally found, by fictitious details of his own invention, or whether the mistakes existed in the original, and have been corrected by the compiler of the shorter recension, is a problem which we can only guess at. But the fact remains that the text printed by Boissonade, while not less full of the miraculous than the Metaphrast *Acta*, is almost entirely free from these minor blemishes.

If the matter rested here, and if the defenders of St. Abercius' Life had to content themselves with meeting the objections of opponents, it might still perhaps be difficult to decide whether we ought to consider it rather as a work of history or a clever fiction. But we have not yet touched on the positive side of the argument. There is not a little to be said against the possibility or at least the probability of forgery. Perhaps I should do well, and in the end economize space, by quoting some remarks of Cardinal Ptra, who thus briefly sets forth the main points which may be urged on his side of the argument:¹

I will take it upon myself to say [he writes] that amongst all the compilers of the Byzantine period there is not one who, without having before him ancient and authentic *Acta* in Greek, was capable of fabricating a series of historical events, of introducing a number of distinguished characters, of conjuring up out of his own head a variety of ancient titles, which should be in complete agreement with the best Greek records. Still more [he continues], and this I flatly deny, it was not possible for any one of these men to bring his narrative into harmony with the few surviving Latin writers, wholly unknown as they

¹ *Analecta Solesmensia*, ii. p. 165.

were to all the Eastern world. This kind of argument I would urge, not only in the case of the Life of Abercius, but for numberless other mediæval documents, which Tillemont and his school, ill-equipped with anything in the shape of antiquarian knowledge, have contemptuously flung aside. For, let us consider a moment; Abercius' biographer reports that Lucilla, the daughter of Marcus Aurelius and Faustina, was betrothed to Lucius Verus while he was conducting the campaign against the Parthian Vologesus, and that it had been arranged that they should meet at Ephesus for the wedding. Now to this compact Julius Capitolinus testifies in two distinct places. Further, we are informed that the marriage was postponed on account of a sudden inroad of the Germans into the territory of the Empire. This, again, is clearly indicated in Julius: "While the Parthian campaign was still in progress," he says, "a new war broke out against the Marcomanni." The president of the Imperial household who makes inquiries about Abercius is named Cornelianus—no other, it would seem, than the Attidius Cornelianus to whom Phrynicus dedicated his *Eclogæ*, who appears in one of Gruter's inscriptions, and who is also not unknown to the same Capitolinus. "There was," he tells us, "a Parthian war. It had been hatching under Pius, and in the time of Marcus and Verus, Vologesus commenced hostilities, driving before him *Attidius Cornelianus*, who then held the command in Syria."

Cardinal Pitra is, perhaps, a little apt to strain his authorities, and to find in them only what he wants to find. Thus I cannot go with him when he proceeds to identify the distribution of corn made to the children of *novi homines* on the occasion of Lucilla's marriage to Verus, with the dole granted according to the *Acta* to the poor of Hieropolis. Still the facts he quotes speak for themselves, and on the more general question all respect is due to the judgment of a scholar so profoundly versed in early Byzantine literature.

Two other facts have also been quoted against the forgery theory. Cardinal Baronius, who was the first, as we have seen, to bring the Life of St. Abercius prominently into notice, had at one time in his hands an epistle purporting to have been written by Abercius to Marcus Aurelius. This Baronius describes as *apostolicum redolens spiritum*, and clearly believed to be authentic, promising to publish it in his Annals. Unfortunately, however, he lost it, and in his later work laments its disappearance in feeling terms.¹ It may be conjectured that this letter was one of those numerous "Apologies" which we know on the authority of Eusebius and others to have been presented to the Emperors

¹ *Annal.* sub an. 163, n. 15.

at this period. In any case, spurious or genuine, it confirms to some extent the tradition of Abercius' relations with Rome and the Emperor. The second fact referred to is the mention in Eusebius of an Avircius Marcellus, to whom a treatise against the Montanists was dedicated. The treatise can be shown to belong to the neighbourhood of Hieropolis, and the identification of St. Abercius with the person to whom it is inscribed thus becomes very probable. This serves to some extent as a set-off against the negative evidence derived from the non-appearance of the name of so remarkable a man in our early Christian historians.

The investigation which we have been carrying on has occupied us somewhat longer than I anticipated. Nevertheless room must still be found for some striking coincidences to which, as far as I know, no one has yet called attention. Whether they do not deserve rather to be called fresh evidence than fresh coincidences must be left for the reader to determine. It will be remembered that the letter of Aurelius so often mentioned was addressed to a certain Euxenianus Pollio. The last name as it appears in the Metaphrast *Acta* is Poplio (Ποπλίων), but as in Boissonade's text it is spelt Πολλίων, and in the other independent authority¹ Πουλλίων, there can be little doubt that Pollio is meant.² Now amongst the coins in the British Museum collection is a bronze coin of Verus, and consequently of the exact date with which we are concerned, bearing this inscription, ΕΠΙΜΕΛΗΘΕΝΤΟΣ ΚΑΙ ΠΩΛΑΙΩΝΟΣ ΑΣΙΑΡΧΟΥ—"by the care of the Asiarch Cl. Pollio." In Mr. B. V. Head's *Historia Nummorum* it is assigned to Hierapolis in Phrygia Pacatiana, but in answer to my inquiries he has been kind enough to inform me on further examination that it unquestionably belongs to the Hierapolis in Phrygia Salutaris, to the town, in fact, where Mr. Ramsay discovered Abercius' tomb.³ Now I do not think that it is extravagant to

¹ MS. Paris, 1540.

² There is considerable diversity in the spelling of such names. Πολλίων, Πωλλίων, Πολίων, Πουλλίων are all to be found in the Greek copies of the *Fasti*. So for Publius we have Πούπλιος, Πούβλιος, Πόπλιος. That the transcriber of the Metaphrast *Acta* was not very accurate may be seen in his spelling of Βουλγέσσος for Vologesus. Perhaps also Βαρχασάνης stands for Bardesanes.

³ It is, perhaps, worth while to note that Mr. Head, as I understand, ascribed this coin to Hierapolis in Phrygia Salutaris before he had any knowledge of the occurrence of the name Pollio in the *Acta* of St. Abercius. The distinction of spelling, he tells me, between Hierapolis and Hieropolis is very uniformly maintained in their coins.

identify the Asiarch here named with the Euxenianus Pollio of the *Acta*. The name Euxenianus need cause no difficulty; it would naturally be omitted from the coin, and, in fact, one may doubt if it be not a blunder of some early transcriber, for I have been able to find no instance of such a name either in Bœck's *Corpus Inscriptionum* or anywhere else. On the other hand, the coincidence is very striking. That in an unimportant town like Hieropolis there should be found a Roman official of such high position as to be in direct correspondence with the Emperor is antecedently so improbable as alone to form a presumption against the truth of the story. But here on the very best evidence it is proved that a high official was at this very time closely connected with the town and named on its coinage, that his name was Pollio, and that he was *Asiarch*, a position which corresponds in all respects most exactly with the rôle which Euxenianus Pollio is made to play in the *Acta*. One of the few clear facts that we know for certain about the office of Asiarch is that its possessors were bound to be men of wealth and influence. Whether we should identify this Pollio with the Pollio who in 153 was Proconsul of Asia is not clear.¹ Cl. Fronto appears to have held the offices of both Proconsul and Asiarch about this time within a few years of one another, and if this Pollio had also been Proconsul his relation to Marcus Aurelius and to Smyrna becomes still more readily intelligible.

As an appendix to this particular discussion I cannot help translating a few lines of the *Acta*, which seem to illustrate what has just been said about the obscurity of Hieropolis. The passage occurs where the demon by whom Lucilla was possessed had just told Marcus Aurelius that they must send for Abercius, Bishop of Hierapolis, in Lesser Phrygia. The Emperor, says the chronicler, was altogether at a loss to know what was meant, "whereupon summoning Cornelianus, the governor of the household (ἐπαρχον τῆς αὐλῆς), he asked him if there was a Hierapolis in Lesser Phrygia. 'To be sure there is,' says he, 'it is the native place of Euxenianus, with whom you have so often corresponded on public matters.' Hearing

¹ Waddington gives his name as T. Vitrasius Pollio, I do not know on what authority. Aristides says only, ἐπὶ Πολλίωνος ἀρχοντος τῆς Ἀσίας, which, I suppose, must mean that he was Proconsul. It is curious, however, that lower down Aristides seems to call him δ ἀρχων, and not δ ἡγέμων, which is his almost invariable name for the Proconsul. (Dindorf i. 529, 530.)

this the Emperor's mind was greatly relieved, for he knew that Euxenianus being on the spot would carry out his instructions discreetly." The Abbé Duchesne¹ calls attention to the fact that the MSS. write Hieropolis in the epitaph, but Hierapolis elsewhere, whence we may perhaps conclude that when the later adapters were not merely copying a written text, they had no idea of any other Hierapolis than the once well-known city on the Lycus. A passage like the above, however, clearly shows that the original author, at least, was quite conscious both of the obscurity of the town and the danger of confusion with other places of the same name.

Besides the name of Euxenianus Pollio three other names are mentioned in the letter of Aurelius. Two of these are those of the *magistriani* sent to summon Abercius. They are given as Valerius and Bassianus. Now it is at least a curious coincidence that in the reign of Commodus, and consequently at a time some twenty to twenty-five years later than that with which we are dealing, there occurs among a list of *virī consulares* condemned to death² the name of Valerius Bassianus. That this is more than a coincidence I do not venture to affirm. But it is also just possible that we may here have lit upon the trail of some curious blunder, by which a careless or ignorant transcriber, especially if translating from another language, may have converted the double name into two distinct persons.³

As I do not lay any stress upon this conjecture, so neither do I insist upon the identifications which follow. They are suggestions and confirmations which at least show that the narrative may be fitted into the period to which it is assigned without any serious difficulty. The Cæcilius of the letter is called in the Metaphrast the *procurator* of the Emperor, but in the Boissonade version he is simply "our Cæcilius." Now if the view above suggested be correct, that the shorter text adheres to the original without expansions and accretions, it is possible that this Cæcilius should be identified with an eunuch Cæcilius, who is mentioned in a letter from Faustina to her

¹ *Revue des Questions Historiques*, vol. xxxiv. p. 18.

² *Historia Augusta*, p. 48.

³ The mistake is not infrequent. Cases occur, for instance, of Lucius Verus being converted into Λεύκιος καὶ Βῆρος. Perhaps the mistake may have arisen from the form Λεύκιος ὁ καὶ Βῆρος.

husband given in Gallicanus.¹ Another identification which suggests itself is that of the Publius (Πόπλιος), who is said at the beginning of the *Acta* to have been the Governor of Lesser Phrygia,² with the Cl. *Popilius* Pedo, who was Proconsul of Asia in the year 161 (?). As this was the year of the death of Antoninus, it would be easy to connect with this event the Imperial command to offer sacrifice, which the *Acta* mention. The language used, if we allow something for the fact that this public organization of Paganism had passed away when it was written, agrees not inaptly with what we know of the action of the κοινὸν Ἀσίας in the matter of public worship. It should be mentioned, on the other hand, that the third version gives to this Publius the cognomen *Dolabella*.

In connection with the illness or diabolical possession of Lucilla to which no allusion is known to us in any other source, it may be interesting to refer to a coin described by Vaillant.³ It bears the name and head of "Lucilla Empress," and also the name of one of those Parthian kings who delighted to call themselves "Mannos friend of the Romans." The reverse of the coin is occupied by a representation of the goddess of health with all her attributes, and Vaillant, who certainly had not in mind any reference to the Life of Abercius, conjectures that it must have been struck by Mannos to celebrate Lucilla's restoration to health at the time that Verus was residing at Antioch.

Finally, attention should be directed to the fact that all that is recorded in these *Acta* of persons otherwise familiar in history is thoroughly in accordance with their known character.⁴ It might seem, perhaps, to any one who had heard only of Marcus Aurelius as a great and noble-minded philosopher, that to connect him in any way with exorcisms and divinations would alone stamp this chronicle as unworthy of credence. For

¹ *Historia Augusta*, p. 44. . . . "Rescribam per Cæcilium senem spadonem, hominem, ubi scis, fidelem." Since the above was in type I have met with another Cæcilius, who also might very well be the individual referred to. His name was L. Cæcilius Fronto, and he was one of the ἀγωνοθέται at Smyrna itself, probably during the reign of Antoninus. See Spon. *Miscell.* x. 93, p. 353.

² The Greek text, it seems to me, may be understood to imply that the decree was sent to Publius himself (although he was Proconsul of Asia), because, says the chronicler, "in those days the Proconsular jurisdiction extended over Lesser Phrygia as well."

³ *Numismata Imperatorum*, ii. 181.

⁴ Note also the φιλοσοφία of Faustina. Cf. M. Aurel. *Comment.* i. 17; Galen, *De Pranot.* ad *Epig.* c. 12.

others, on the other hand, who have attempted in any way to investigate in original authorities the character of this great Emperor, it will be no secret that superstition was one of its most conspicuous features. I have no space here to recount the anecdotes which may be found in every history, but it may be worth while to point to the one episode of his preparation for the campaign against the Marcomanni in 167. "He summoned to Rome," says Merivale, "the ministers of every deity, foreign as well as national, performed a solemn lustration of the city, and delayed his departure for the war till he had celebrated a lectisternium seven days successively."¹ Can we see any improbability in the supposition that such a man might summon to his aid a Christian or a Jew, if he had any reason for fancying that their art would propitiate some malign influence? Nor must it even be supposed that the idea of diabolical possession or exorcism was wholly foreign to the minds of the Pagans at this epoch. If it was so familiar to the Palestine Jews of our Lord's time, it can hardly have been strange in Rome, where for 200 years they had congregated in such numbers. Moreover, we have a scurrilous epigram² written by a Pagan contemporary, Lucian, which makes explicit mention both of exorcism and of the evil spirit.

It is difficult to sum up in a few words the conclusions of a paper dealing so largely with matters of detail. It is rather for the reader himself to form his own judgment from the evidence adduced. Let me, therefore, only add to what has been said that I am in no wise contending here for the truth of the whole story and all its parts, that I feel no confidence, for instance, in the details of Lucilla's miraculous cure, much less in the episodes with which the journeys of Abercius have been garnished by the simple faith of his countrymen. They are not impossible, but we have no adequate evidence which requires us to accept them. But what I would rather insist upon is the broad conclusion that this narrative, composed as it was 200 years after the events it describes, and transmitted to us through suspected channels for 600 years more, has not at any point been consciously falsified nor interpolated with forged matter. As the epitaph cited at its conclusion has been proved beyond all

¹ *Romans under the Empire*, viii. 333. Cf. De Champagny *Les Antonins*, iii. p. 23; Lucian, *Pseudomant*, 48.

² Δαίμονα πολλὰ λαλῶν ὁζοστόμος ἐξορκιστὴς
'Εξέβαλ' οὐχ ὄρκων ἀλλὰ κόπρων δυνάμει.

question a genuine monument, so I believe that the letter of Marcus Aurelius, though it may have suffered more seriously in the transmission or in its translation into another language, is also authentic, and has been set before us in perfect good faith. It may be noted also that a belief in its authenticity is still consistent with the supposition that Abercius was summoned to Rome for a purpose quite different from that of exorcising an evil spirit, as, for instance, that his aid may have been invoked by the Emperor, like that of the soothsayers of other religions, in the general expiation before the campaign against the Marcomanni mentioned above. That a whole crop of fanciful suppositions and marvellous incidents may grow up in the course of a century or two around some clear and definite fact, such as St. Abercius' journey to Rome, can be readily understood, especially when the subject of these legends is a venerated pastor and hero, still living even by his temporal benefactions¹ in the minds of the populace. But it is a different thing to suppose that a narrative of this kind can preserve nothing that is true. In the present case, the letter of Aurelius is a paper of no very great importance. But the question of its authenticity and the manner of its preservation have much wider bearings. Such documents as the edict of Antoninus addressed to the *κοινὸν Ἀσίας*, or the letter of Aurelius which testifies to the miracle of the Thundering Legion,² are of higher interest, and anything which tends to restore confidence in the channels through which they have come to us will not be without its value.

¹ Mr. Ramsay also, I am glad to say, believes that the dole to the poor of Hieropolis is probably authentic. There are, he tells us, instances of similar distributions on a smaller scale commemorated amongst the inscriptions he has found in Phrygia. (*The Expositor*, April, 1889, p. 260.)

² I am not now affirming the authenticity of these or similar documents, which even Cardinal Hergenröther (*Kirchengeschichte*, iii. p. 37) seems hardly inclined to defend. All that is here suggested is that the case against them is not yet fully made out.

Sir George Stokes on Immortality.

METAPHYSICAL and theological speculation would appear to have a remarkable fascination for the student of Natural Science. The problems he has to consider in his own branch of learning are many of them, no doubt, on the border line of science and philosophy or science and theology, and the general interest such problems excite tempts the physicist to cross this line and enter on new fields of exploration and discovery. Nor is this in itself to be regretted. But it is less a subject for congratulation that the scientist generally sets foot in these new regions in the assumed character, not of a scholar, but a master. Having deservedly gained the public ear on subjects which study and training have qualified him to teach, he uses this advantage to propound views on matters which he has had neither time nor opportunity to learn.

Why is this? Why should a competent knowledge of mathematics imply proficiency in metaphysics? Why should deftness in manipulation of the scalpel and the test-tube qualify a man to handle the great questions of theology? The physician does not expound law. The soldier does not teach medicine. The barrister does not lecture on tactics. Why then should the physicist undertake to explain philosophy? Is it that the problems of philosophy are easy of solution? They are allowed on all hands to be the most difficult with which human thought has to cope. Is the study of natural science peculiarly favourable to metaphysical speculation? Probably not; for, dealing almost solely with quantity and matter, the physicist comes to look upon nothing as real which he cannot test or weigh or calculate or measure, and he bungles in philosophy and theology because he studies these subjects in the light of principles which are foreign to them, and according to rules which were made for something else. This is indeed a mistake to which all experts are in some degree exposed.

As Plato long ago pointed out, "because they are good at their own trade, every man of them thinks himself fully competent to give an opinion on all other subjects, even of the first importance."¹ It seems, however, to have been—at least from the days of Cicero downwards—a pit into which physicists in particular were especially liable to fall. The orator writes of Democritus that "he talks nonsense in a learned way as a physicist—a class much given to trespassing on other folks' preserves."²

Sir George Stokes has not escaped the epidemic which attacks his less distinguished fellows. The learned Professor has difficulties on the subject of "Personal Identity," as well as on the kindred problems in metaphysics and theology, and at the Finsbury Polytechnic he lately broached his opinions on these topics. Now Professor Stokes, whenever he undertakes to lecture, will always be listened to with interest. He is foremost in the first rank of scientific men. He is a discoverer. He is the author of works which every one in the learned world knows something of. He is President of the Royal Society. Even when discussing subjects on which he is not a specialist, his high position will always command for him a respectful hearing. More than this, when he thinks fit to treat of philosophy and religion, by the religious world his views will generally be listened to, not merely with interest and attention, they will commonly be received with gratitude and respect. For Sir George Stokes is the Achilles of that handful of scientists who have had the moral courage to raise a voice of protest against the coarse and degrading materialism which reigns supreme among the great majority of the physicists of the day. Even in the lecture we are about to criticize, the distinguished President boldly girds at the materialistic theory, calls its fundamental axiom destitute of foundation, and characterizes the hypothesis as foolish and contrary to common sense. Such being the position of Sir George Stokes, should he unfortunately put forward false principles, his teaching would be doubly dangerous. It would be dangerous as coming from

¹ *Apologetica*, c. 8: "διὰ τὸ τὴν τέχνην καλῶς ἐξεργάζεσθαι, ἕκαστος ἡξίου καὶ τὰλλα τὰ μέγιστα σοφώτατος εἶναι."

² Cicero, *De Divinatione*, ii. 13: "Non inscite nugatur ut physicus, quo genere nihil arrogantius." We have taken the last word in its primitive signification. But if any one prefers to render it according to its ordinary meaning, the phrase will not diminish in point, and will certainly increase in vigour.

a man of his high eminence. It would be dangerous as coming from a professed ally of religion. And in the lecture to which we have referred, we believe that the President of the Royal Society has put forward false principles. We believe that he has put forward principles which are, when pushed to their logical conclusion, subversive of the very foundations of religion and morality.

If there is any point in Christian philosophy which we hold to be primary and certain, it is the substantial unity of man. Sir George Stokes calls in question the substantial unity of man. If there is any doctrine in religion which we hold to be necessary and fundamental, if there is any demonstration in philosophy which we consider to be apodictic and irresistible, it is the doctrine and demonstration of the connatural immortality of the rational soul. Sir George Stokes describes that doctrine as no part of the Christian faith, and regards it as "*a merely philosophical and probably false hypothesis.*" If there is any article of faith which we hold as indubitable, it is that at death the separated soul at once receives judgment and award—that it passes forthwith into Heaven, Purgatory, or Hell. Sir George Stokes thinks that about man's condition between death and the resurrection of the body the indications in Scripture are exceedingly meagre, even if there are any at all, and he puts forward as his own belief the astounding opinion that this intermediate state is "one of *unconsciousness*, passed as it were in a moment, and involving a virtual annihilation of intervening time, whether long or short."

Now as Christians we cannot but regret these utterances of so distinguished a man, whom hitherto we have looked upon as a friend, and whom even yet we are not prepared to regard as a foe. The learned Professor has sinned no doubt against the very elements of both philosophy and theology. But while his words have done harm, they were intended to do good. He repudiated materialism. He upheld free-will. He declared the certainty of a future life to be beyond all question. He spoke as a Christian to help Christians. He "placed before his audience thoughts which had proved helpful to himself, in the hope that they might prove helpful to others." And his tone was marked by an entire absence of that arrogant dogmatism with which scientists speculating in the fields of philosophy and religion have made us only too familiar. But in spite of this, nay, in consequence of this, we know that his opinions will not

only be a stumbling-block to souls painfully groping their way to the truth, but they will be laid hold of by the enemies of religion, who, in demolishing these strange speculations, will boast to have demolished religion itself.

We do not propose to dwell on Sir George Stokes' exposition of the psychic theory, though that exposition is by no means in accordance with the views of Christian philosophy. Nor shall we stay to examine his opinions on "Personal Identity," though we believe that in those opinions he has exposed himself to effective attack. He has apparently, treading in the footsteps of Locke, confused two distinct spheres, the objective and the subjective, the sphere of existences and the sphere of cognitions. He has confounded the two widely different questions of what *is*, and what is the *evidence* of, Personal Identity. He has forgotten that the mind does not make but presupposes its object. The reason why Philip drunk and Philip sober, Philip the child and the man, awake and asleep, conscious and unconscious, remains one and the same person, is not because Philip knows his identity; but he knows his identity because the identity exists. The fact of identity precedes, and therefore cannot be constituted by, the knowledge of identity. Were the case otherwise, no one could predicate the identity of his adult self with that same self generated and born, because no one is conscious either of his generation or his birth.

Our limits do not allow us to dwell at length on these and several other important points on which, as Catholics, we widely differ from Sir George Stokes. But we must confine our remarks to the consideration of one question, and that a question of overwhelming interest and importance—the immortality of the rational soul.

Sir George Stokes thinks that the immortality of the soul and future life are not one and the same thing. "Two totally different things must not be confounded—the immortality of the soul and a future life. That there was to be a future life was beyond all question the doctrine of Scripture; but the supposition that the soul was innately immortal was merely a philosophic hypothesis to account, so to speak, for a future life."¹ He cannot find warrant in Scripture for any such view, and concludes that the doctrine is consequently no part of the

¹ The quotations are from the *Times* report of the lecture, March 31st. We are not aware that the lecture itself has been published.

"Christian" faith. "Many supposed that the soul was innately, by its very nature, immortal. . . . Yet this was a theory which was rather of the nature of a philosophical speculation than of a proposition deduced from Scripture. . . . We frequently heard of the immortality of the soul as if it were a part of the Christian faith, which he did not think it was." And he is thus led to the opinion that this dogma is *a merely philosophical, and probably false, hypothesis*. "The hypothesis might be incorrect, and he was disposed to think it was incorrect to a very considerable extent."

Stranger still, the President of the Royal Society is supported, at least substantially, in these remarkable views by Dr. Westcott and three other unnamed Bishops of the Establishment. One of these learned Divines confesses himself to be in the habit of pointing out that this dogma is a "philosophic theory" and no part of the "Christian" Creed. A second endorses these opinions. A third has some doubt whether the doctrine is true or not, but has no doubt that it is not taught in Scripture. And a fourth holds that this dogma destroys the idea of the continuity of personal existence. Probably the unusual spectacle of four unanimous Protestant Bishops will lead some to accept the views put forward by the President of the Royal Society. Others perhaps will prefer to cling to the old-fashioned teaching,—a teaching accepted from the beginning by practically all Christians, a teaching embraced by most philosophers, Pagan and Christian, in all ages, a teaching which Socrates probably, and Plato and Aristotle certainly admitted, a teaching which in the Christian Schools has been discussed and demonstrated and handed down from the earliest days through St. Augustine to St. Bernard, and on from St. Anselm and St. Thomas and all the great Scholastic Doctors *without a single exception* down to the present hour.

On the question, then, of the connatural immortality of the human soul, we contend, in opposition to the President of the Royal Society and the four Anglican Dignitaries:

First.—That even if Scripture contained no warrant for it, that would not prove the doctrine to be "no part of the Christian faith."

Second.—That Scripture does contain warrant for it.

Third.—That so far from its being "a merely philosophical and probably false hypothesis," it is no hypothesis at all, but an apodictic and irresistible demonstration.

The first and second of these assertions we propose to develop in the present article. The third is reserved for a future occasion.

I. On the first, then, of these heads, we remark that as Sir George Stokes was speaking of "Christians," he necessarily included under that denomination Catholics as well as Protestants. Now Professor Juraschek has proved that Catholic and Greek Christians¹ number over three hundred millions, while the other various sects of Christians who, not being Catholic, fall under the generic name of Protestant, cannot be shown to touch one hundred and twenty-five millions. It is not, therefore, an unreasonable expectation that when Sir George Stokes treats of the *Christian* faith, he will bear in mind what the faith of Catholics is. Had he done so, he could not have concluded that because a certain doctrine is not explicitly found in Scripture, *therefore* it is no part of the *Christian* faith.

For Sir George Stokes is not unaware that the great bulk of Christians do not base their faith solely on the Bible. He knows that at least two out of every three Christians pay the homage of Faith to Infinite Truth wherever there is proof positive of the fact of a Divine and public revelation, whether such revelation be handed down by Sacred Scripture or Divine Tradition. And by Tradition we understand all such doctrines and precepts, institutions and ordinances, as have been immediately revealed or ordained by God Himself, and have been transmitted to us through a medium other than the Bible.

Sir George Stokes will no doubt object that he does not believe in Divine Tradition. But to this we answer, that in such a case he is discussing his problem from a standpoint purely Protestant, that he is making himself the mouthpiece not—as he said—of "Christians" in the general sense, but of that fraction of the Christian community to which he himself belongs.

However, let us take it for granted that Sir George Stokes was speaking, not precisely "as a Christian for Christians," but as a Protestant for Protestants. Even from that limited point of view, does the learned lecturer feel certain that a necessary condition of faith in a Divine truth is that this truth should be explicitly comprehended in the Bible? Now this question is by no

¹ This figure includes the Greek schismatics who, equally with orthodox Catholics, recognize both Scripture and Tradition as channels for the transmission of Divine Revelation, and thus may in this matter be fairly counted with Catholics proper.

means irrelevant ; for if it can be shown that Protestants believe in Tradition, and that a clear tradition exists in the Church testifying to the meaning of Scriptural passages otherwise difficult or obscure, much will have been done towards a solution of the point under discussion. Now we feel sure that the President of the Royal Society, as a good Protestant, does in fact believe in Tradition, though he is very likely unaware of it. He believes, against the Baptists, that infants should not be excluded from Christian Baptism. On what authority does he believe it? Of Tradition alone. He believes, against the Quakers, that swearing, under certain circumstances, is lawful, though swearing under all circumstances is contrary to the word of Scripture.¹ What is his authority for the toleration of this practice? Tradition alone. He moreover observes the Sabbath on the first instead of the last day of the week. What is his authority for this apparent deviation from Scriptural injunction and practice? Tradition alone. Or, take him on different ground. Sir George Stokes certainly believes in the Canon of Scripture, in the Inspiration of Scripture; he believes that the Scripture, the whole Scripture, and nothing but the Scripture is the Word of God; he believes as an "*Article of Faith* that Holy Scripture containeth all things necessary to salvation." Why does he believe all this? Not assuredly on the authority of Scripture. The Scriptures do not and cannot define the Canon of the Scriptures. The Bible, as a Bible—that is, as one Book—does not and cannot testify to the Inspiration of the Bible. The Sacred Text nowhere declares that within its pages "are contained all things necessary to salvation." On what authority, then, are these points recognized as "Articles of Faith"? They are numerous and fundamental. Prove them false, and the belief of Protestants crumbles away like the baseless fabric of a vision. What guarantee, then, has Sir George Stokes for the truth of them? There is but one guarantee: Protestant Tradition alone.

Surely then, if in reading his Bible the learned lecturer has found the Scriptural testimony to a dogma of religion so fundamental as that of the immortality of the rational soul inexplicit or obscure—surely he should pause before he pronounces the doctrine, on that account, to be no part of the Protestant faith!

We shall presently show that this dogma, as contained in Scripture, is, for all practical purposes, not inexplicit and not

¹ St. Matt. v. 34: "Swear not at all."

obscure. But at present we are engaged in examining the logical character of Sir George Stokes' argument, and we think cause has been shown why he should not refuse the help of Tradition in his search for this doctrine in the Scriptures, and why he should not deny a particular teaching to be part of Protestant faith, even if it be not formally and explicitly expressed in the Bible.

But, it may be asked, is there, *de facto*, about the immortality of the human soul any unmistakeable Tradition in the Church either explanatory of, or supplementary to, the declarations of the Sacred Scriptures? We answer that most undoubtedly there is such a Tradition. The depositories of Tradition are chiefly the Fathers. Their writings are the main channels by which such parts of Divine Revelation as are not contained at all, or are not contained explicitly, in the Bible, have been handed down to us. Now Suarez¹ declares, not only that this teaching is found among the Fathers, but that there is a moral *consensus* of the Fathers on the subject. This aspect of the question may be studied in the pages of any of the greater theologians, who all exhibit a long list of the consentient Fathers whom they quote. We have space here to cite only a few, by way of specimen. For example, Irenæus,² who says: "It is the flesh, not the soul that dieth, nor the spirit. . . . Death cannot lay its hand on the soul, for the soul is the breath of life, nor on the spirit, for the spirit is simple and without parts." Death, argues Irenæus, is dissolution into component parts; hence the soul, being connaturally without parts, is connaturally immortal. This argument is stated explicitly by Gregory of Neocæsarea:³ "As the soul apart from the body is simple [*i.e.*, without parts], it seems to me to follow that it is innately immortal." Gregory of Nyssa⁴ adduces the same reason: "Death," he says, "does not touch the soul. For how can that be dissolved which is without parts?" Others among the Fathers argue that the soul is immortal because made to the image and likeness of God; and that as the likeness is connatural to the soul, so also is immortality connatural. For instance, Eusebius⁵ declares that Moses taught the doctrine for which we are contending, "because to say that the soul is made after God's likeness is to say that the soul is immortal." Again,

¹ *De Anima*, lib. i. c. x. n. 11.

² Lib. v. c. vii.

³ In his *De Anima*.

⁴ *Orat. Catecheto*, c. viii.

⁵ *De Reparat.* lib. xi. c. xiv.

Cassiodorus:¹ "Since we read that the soul was made to the image of God, who would dare, *against Divine authority*, to assert the mortality of the soul?" The same teaching is found in the works of Clement,² Cyril of Jerusalem,³ Chrysostom,⁴ Damascene,⁵ and innumerable other Fathers of the Church. These are great names, revered alike by Protestant and Catholic, and we feel sure that Sir George Stokes will not refuse to weigh their testimony merely because their teaching does not tally with his own.

Again, the same doctrine has been defined by Councils. That is tantamount to saying that the Church, the authorized interpreter of Revelation, has pronounced this dogma to be revealed by God and to be contained in the Word of God; that is, to be either in Scripture or Tradition, or in both. For example, the Fifth Œcumenical Council of Lateran, held in the years 1512—1517, under Popes Julius the Second and Leo the Tenth, defined as follows: "Since in our days some have presumed to assert the mortality of the rational soul, and, philosophizing at random, have declared that, according to philosophy at least, this assertion is true; We, with the approbation of the Sacred Council, condemn and reprove all who assert the intellectual soul to be mortal, . . . since this soul is . . . really, innately (*per se*), and essentially . . . immortal."⁶

II.—We now pass to our second assertion, that there *is* authority in the Bible for the Immortality of the Human Soul.

But we do not pretend to enter here on an exegetical discussion of the question. Our limits forbid that. If, however, any one be anxious for a deeper study of the matter from the Scriptural point of view, he will find it treated by practically all the great theologians of the Church.⁷ All we can attempt here is to offer a few suggestions which may tend to show that this foundation for the opinion of Sir George Stokes is not so solid as he may imagine.

But first we must premise one or two observations which may help to clear the ground.

Sir George Stokes seems to imply that the term "spirit" (*spiritus*) cannot be shown to mean, in Biblical phraseology, "soul." Now, no one denies that this word, considered out of context and by itself, is, as used in Scripture, equivocal and

¹ *De Anima*, c. viii.

² *Constitut.* lib. i. c. xxii.

³ *Cateches.* iv.

⁴ *Homil.* xiii. in *Genes.*

⁵ *Lib.* ii. c. xii., and in his treatise on the *Immortality of the Soul.*

⁶ Cf. Suarez, l.c. n. 10.

⁷ For example, by Suarez, l.c. nn. 1—10.

ambiguous. It sometimes stands for material or corporeal things, such as the wind, the animating principle of brutes, and so forth. Yet oftener and more properly speaking it is applied to incorporeal substances, and most frequently denotes the human soul, as may be clearly gathered from the context.

Consider, for example, St. Luke i. 46, 47: "My *soul* doth magnify the Lord, and my *spirit* hath rejoiced in God my Saviour," in conjunction with St. Augustine's Commentary on the same: "One and the same *spirit*, when considered absolutely, is denominated '*spirit*:' when considered in relation to the body, is denominated '*soul*:' the spirit experiences a spiritual exultation, the soul a bodily exultation; for this reason, Soul is called Spirit, and Spirit is called Soul. Wherefore the human soul, because it exists in the body without being dependent on the body, is called both '*Soul*' and '*Spirit*.' Viewed as the life of the body, it is called '*Soul*;' considered as a spiritual substance, it is called '*Spirit*.'" Again, in the following texts, the word *spirit* can only mean *soul*. St. Matt. xxvi. 41: "The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak." St. Matt. xxvii. 50: "Jesus yielded up the ghost (emisit *spiritum* (τὸ πνεῦμα). St. Luke xxiii. 46: "Father, into Thy hands I commend My Spirit (τὸ πνεῦμα), and having said this He gave up the ghost (ἐξέπνευσεν)." 1 Cor. ii. 11: "For what man knoweth the things of a man save the *spirit* of man which is in him? even so the things of God knoweth no man but the Spirit of God." And lastly and very conclusively, 1 Cor. v. 5: "To deliver such a one unto Satan for the destruction of the flesh, that the *spirit* (τὸ πνεῦμα) may be saved in the day of the Lord Jesus."

After these preliminary remarks, we now put forward some texts which may incline the reader to a conclusion other than that arrived at by the President of the Royal Society and the four Anglican Divines. We quote first from the Book of Wisdom ii. 1, 2, 3, 21. "For they have said, *but not right*: The time of our life is short and in the end of a man there is no remedy, and no man hath been known to have returned from Hell; for we are born of nothing, and *after this we shall be as if we had not been*, . . . our body shall be ashes and *our spirit shall be poured abroad as soft air*. . . . These things they thought and *were deceived*." Again, Eccles. xii. 7: "Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was; and *the spirit shall return unto God who gave it*"—a sufficiently clear indication of the nature of

the component parts of a man, of the mortality of his body, of the immortality of his soul.

Again, in St. Matt. xxii. 32, Christ declares "that God is not the God of the dead but of the *living*," the God of Abraham, and of Isaac, and of Jacob, who, though dead as to the body, were living as to the soul. And it should be noted that our Lord is in this place arguing against the Sadducees, who more logical than the President of the Royal Society and the four Anglican Divines, held the resurrection of the body to be impossible precisely because they denied the connatural immortality of the soul. This was their formula: "No immortality of the soul, no resurrection of the body. The latter is the necessary sequence and corollary of the former. Nor is it easy to see how the President of the Royal Society and the four Anglican Divines, admitting the Sadducean antecedent, can deny the Sadducean consequent. Now it is precisely the antecedent which Christ denies, if we may accept St. Jerome's interpretation of the passage. Our Lord's rejoinder practically amounts to this: "The soul lives for ever and is immortal—therefore, the body can rise again."

Again, consider 1 St. Peter iii. 19; where Christ is described as, after His death, preaching to the souls in Limbo: from which it is evident they were both existent and conscious. The same may be gathered from the promise of Jesus to the Good Thief on the Cross, St. Luke xxiii. 43: "To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise," that is, as the Fathers interpret, "To-day shalt thou gaze face to face upon God, and be ravished with the delights of the intuitive vision of God." The soul, then, of this man was to live and energize, though evidently disembodied.

From these and many other similar texts we draw two conclusions. First, that "the intermediate state of man's soul, between death and the resurrection of the body" is evidently not a "state of torpor and unconsciousness." Secondly, and that with sufficient clearness for all practical purposes, that the human soul is "innately and of its own nature immortal." For the Bible asserts of the human soul, universally and without exception made, that on separation from the body it does not perish, but survives and lives a life apart; and that it does so not supernaturally, not through any extrinsic aid, not in virtue of any miracle, nor of any special grace or favour of God. How then, if not of its own nature?

Is it then *de fide* that this doctrine of the immortality of the

rational soul is contained in Scripture ? No, for it has never been explicitly defined to be so contained. But it is "of faith" that the doctrine is contained in Revelation, that is, in Scripture or in Tradition, or in both. In this instance, indeed, we have *moral certainty* that the Church has gathered her definition at least partly from the Bible ; for Suarez¹ declares that the comprehension of this dogma in the Scriptures is a "Catholic truth," that the assertion of its being there contained is *certain*, and that such is the morally unanimous consent of the Fathers and the theologians of the Church.

It would appear, then, that the President of the Royal Society and the four Anglican Divines must, on their own principles, admit the doctrine of the connatural immortality of the rational soul. Not only must they condemn those who declare it to be "a merely philosophical, and probably false, hypothesis," but they must recognize it as a downright article of faith. For that it may be such, it is not necessary, on Protestant principles, that a dogma be contained formally and explicitly in the Bible. It is enough, if it can be *proved from the Bible*. As the sixth of the Thirty-nine Articles runs : "Holy Scripture containeth all things necessary to salvation ; so that whatsoever is not read therein, nor *may be proved thereby*, is not to be required of any man that it should be believed as an Article of Faith." But what "may be proved thereby" may be required as an article of faith, and we venture to think that every candid mind who has read these pages will allow that there can be "proved thereby" the connatural immortality of the soul of man.

CHARLES COUPE.

¹ L. c. n. 9.

Irish Worthies of the Sixteenth Century.

BROTHER DOMINIC COLLINS.

THERE is a beautiful and venerable abbey at Timoleague,¹ near Courtmacsherry, in the county of Cork. "Its remains still witness to its former magnificence; they occupy a lovely and peaceful station on the banks of a silver stream, whose tide laves the ancient but firm walls. The building, though unroofed, is entire; it consists of a large choir with an aisle, one side of which aisle is a square cloister arcaded, with a platform in the middle. . . . There is a handsome Gothic tower seventy feet high between the choir and the aisle. Here are several tombs of ancient Irish families, as MacCarthy Reagh's in the middle of the choir; west of it is an old broken monument of the O'Cullanes."² No spot could be more suitable for the mournful musings of a bard, and *A Soliloquy in the Abbey of Timolaga*, penned a hundred years ago by John O'Cullane, is one of the finest poems written in the modern Irish language. The O'Cullanes were formerly lords of Castlelyons and the surrounding territory.

The subject of our present memoir was chief of that clan in the sixteenth century; but Boyle, first Earl of Cork, managed to get hold of his property, and in his last will left the suppressed monastery of Castlelyons to his daughter, Lady Barrymore, "*to buy her gloves and pins.*" When Lord Barrymore threw down the old walls of Castlelyons,³ he discovered a chimney-piece, which bore the inscription: *Lehan O'Cullone hoc fecit MCIIII*. Richard Boyle, a needy and obscure adventurer, came to Ireland about the year 1586, and became "the great Earl of Cork." In a letter, which he wrote to the Earl of Warwick in 1641,⁴ he shows us that the ambition of his soul and the work of his life were "to roote out the Popish

¹ In Irish, *Teach Mo-Laga*—the House of my Laga, that is, of St. Molaga.

² See Brewer's *Beauties of Ireland*, and Grose's *Antiquities of Ireland*.

³ Hardiman's *Irish Minstrelsy*, pp. 400—410; Seward's *Topograph. Dict.* v. Castlelyons.

⁴ Hardiman's *Minstrelsy*, p. 165.

partie of the natives of the kingdome and to plant it with English Protestants ; to prevent these Irish Papists from having any land here and not to suffer them to live therein ; to attainte them all of high treason ; to encourage the English to serve courageously against them in hope to be settled in the lands of them they *shall kill or otherwise destroy.*" This bloodthirsty monster urged that policy also on the Lords Justices, one of whom, the notorious Parsons, replied : " I am of your mind, that a *thorow destruction* must be made before we can settle on a safe peace. I pray you *spare none*, but indict all of quality or estate. We have done so hereabouts to many thousands, and have already executed some."

Such was the inheritance, such the place of rest of the O'Cullens, and such was their fate at the end of the sixteenth century, when they were "rooted out, attainted, killed, and otherwise thorowly destroyed." We find a few traces of them at that time. Catherine, daughter of O'Cullen, a chief in Carbery, was wife of O'Hurley, who was M.P. in the Parliament of 1585, and built the Castle of Ballinacarrig, on the window of which are a statue of the Virgin and Child, and the inscription "R.H.C.C. 1585."¹ Her son, Randal Oge Dubh O'Hurley, married Ellen de Courcy, daughter of the eighteenth Baron of Kinsale, and her descendant, John O'Hurley, emigrated to America with his family about the year 1810.

The O'Cullens seem to have been connected, not only with the de Courcys, but with the MacCarthy Môr, as a State paper of that century says: "These are of Carbery, of Florence MacCarthy his countrie, his followers, cosens, and kinsmen MacCarthy Reagh, *Donogh Oge O'Cullen*, Reynold Oge O'Hurley th' elder."² . . . About sixty years later, that is, in 1642, we find a Florence MacCarthy and Black O'Cullane plundering the town of Ross-Carbery and besieging a castle, which was defended by Captain Freke."³ This is the last mention I find of the O'Cullens, of whom O'Duggan wrote in the thirteenth century: "A great tribe, with whom it is not safe to contend, are the battle-trooped host of the O'Cullens."⁴ The pedigree of their chiefs for one hundred and nine generations is given

¹ Randal Hurley and Catherine Collins.

² *Life and Letters of MacCarthy Môr*, by MacCarthy Glas, p. 103.

³ *History of Bandon*, p. 397.

⁴ *Rotheglach ris nach dual dréim*
Sluag cath-fednach O g-Cuiléin.

by MacFirbis and in two other books of the Royal Irish Academy. Their name was taken from an ancestor named *Cuilén-in-Chatha*, that is, *Whelp-of-Battle*. The pedigree does not come down as far as the subject of our memoir, who succeeded his father as chief in the second half of the sixteenth century. But we are pretty certain, that the State paper previously quoted gives us his name, Donogh Oge O'Cullen, and that he was the brother-in-law of O'Hurley, and the "cosen and kinsman" of the Lord of Kinsale and of MacCarthy More, Prince of Carbery. We think even that we have his personal pedigree at page 102 of a manuscript marked $\frac{23}{L.4}$ in the Royal Irish Academy. It begins thus: "Donchadh,¹ son of John," and so on for twenty generations and more.

Dominic O'Cullen was a man who displayed a courageous and heroic heart, both when serving in the armies of the Kings of France and Spain, and when combating under the banner of the Cross in the Society of Jesus.² He was born at or near Youghal, of noble and illustrious parents, the proprietors of an estate or townland called La Branche.³ His father was John O'Cuiléin,⁴ whose wife was Felicity O'Dula or O'Dril, which I take to have been miswritten by foreigners for O'Driscol. He was born, according to some authors, in the year 1567, but his own statement shows that the date of his birth was 1553. His name is variously written O'Cuiléin, O'Coileáin, O'Cullén; while he led a secular life, he was called O'Cullen, as he was chief of his nation or, as Nieremberg calls him in Spanish, *Capitan de su pueblo*. When he entered religion as a humble lay-brother, he dropped the O, and was called Dominic Collins. By his parents, who were excellent Catholics, he was well grounded in our holy Faith and in the practices of piety, and during his whole life he gave proof of the deep impression made on him by the early influence of his pious father and mother, and by the education which it appears he received in the Jesuit school at Youghal.

When he reached the age of manhood, he went to France for the sake of more easily preserving his faith; and through a

¹ Anglicized, Denis, Donough, Dominic; compare Donough More=Domnach Mór, where Domnach is derived from Dominicus.

² Tanner's *Soc. Jesu Militans*; Jouvancy's *Hist. Soc. Jesu*, an. 1602.

³ This seems a French translation of *Craebhach*, or Crevagh. See Dr. Joyce's *Names of Places*, p. 501.

⁴ The name is O'Cuiléin in MacFirbis and O'Coileáin in the *Four Masters*. The *Imago Primi Seculi* says Dominic was "ex Hiberniæ Proceribus."

generous desire of defending the Catholic religion in that country he resolved to adopt a military career and to fight against the Calvinists who at that time were waging war against Catholicism with the sword as well as with the voice and pen. So his various biographers tell us; but he gives a somewhat different and more circumstantial account himself in his examination before the Lord President of Munster.

His statements, elicited perhaps with the help of the rack or thumbscrew or other instrument of torture, are found in "The Examination of Dominic Collins, a Jesuyte and now prisoner, taken before me, the President, at Cork on July 9, 1602.¹ He sayeth, that being of the age of thirty-three years² about some sixteen years past, he departed from Youghall in a bark of that town and landed at Sable d'Olonne in Poitou, from whence he travelled overland to Nantes in Britany, where he remained as a servant in two several inn-houses some three years. And then, having got some money into his purse to furnish himself somewhat fitly for the wars, he betook himself to that course and served on horseback under several captains, with the League under the Duke de Mercoeur some eight or nine years, of whom Monsieur Fontenelles³ was the last in whose troop he remained three years or thereabouts; and was called by the French Capitaine de la Branche." In those wars he served as a good captain of cavalry, and was remarkable for his great stature, manly beauty, and courage.⁴ The various biographers of O'Cullen say that he was in the service of the French King, and therein they are mistaken; for it was under the banner of Philip Emmanuel de Vaudemont, Duke de Mercoeur, brother-in-law and enemy of the King, and a valiant captain, that he saw some hard fighting, shared in several victories, and saw his general defeated once by the Prince de Conti, and again by Henry of Navarre. We think it very improbable that an Irish chief, who like others of his position was brought up to war from his boyhood, would become a servant in an inn-house at Nantes; and we more than

¹ State Papers, Ireland, Elizabeth 1602, bundle 207. I owe the knowledge of this paper to H. Foley, S.J.

² Perhaps this should be twenty-three years; his biographers say he was a commander of horse at the age of twenty-two.

³ Called the terrible Guy-Eder de la Fontenelle in the *Biographie Univ.* under "Mercoeur."

⁴ "Inter primarios duces meruit . . . licet non annos amplius 22 natus erat unius Centuriæ cum laude fortitudinis Ductor specie et statura visenda."

suspect that Carew, who was a well-known assassin,¹ had no hesitation in forging that part of the examination. When the war of the League came to an end, and peace was made between de Mercoeur and Henry the Fourth, O'Cullen went in search of other service, and passed into Spain,² where he was taken into the army of the Catholic King, and got a position suitable to his birth and merits. To this step he was impelled by a desire of military glory, and no doubt by a hope of returning to Ireland with a Spanish armada. "He procured letters from Don Juan del Aguila, Commander of the Spanish Army in France, and went directly into Spain, arriving first at a small creek not far from St. Sebastian's; and with his letters from Don Juan he went to the King, who by the means of the Bishop of Clonfert, who came over to Kinsale with Don Juan and died there, gave him a pension of twenty-five crowns a month, which he held a twelvemonth or thereabouts."³ His biographers tell us that he was made *Capitan de la Armada Real* at Coruña; but their assertion, that he spent eight years in that port, is in conflict with his own statement as recorded by Carew.

While at Coruña he turned his attention more closely than heretofore to the practice of piety, and, being free from the cares of war, he pondered over in his heart the vanity of transitory things and the inanity of human glory, and he began to realize the deep sense of joy, happiness, and hope which is found in serving under the standard of Jesus Christ. In order to wage war on the devil, the world, and the flesh, he led a life far different from that free and easy way of the military men of his time; he frequently approached those sources of grace and spiritual life, the Sacraments of Penance and the Holy Eucharist, he gave himself up to the reading of instructive and edifying books and to the daily meditation of Divine things, while he was a model of attention to his military duties; and he kept his body under subjection by fasting and many and continual corporal austerities. As he continued this pious mode of life, he began by degrees to feel a desire to lead a life of still greater severity, and to view things of the other world in a different light. Nothing seemed to him high or exalted but what was

¹ "Carew has left to posterity in his own handwriting that he had hired men to do murder; and he had himself with his own hand done it." (*Life of MacCarthy Mór*, p. 114, and *passim*.)

² He is said to have served also in Belgium. See *Imago Primi Saculi*, S.J. pp. 535, 860.

³ Examination of D. Collins.

of Heaven; on the other hand, everything that fortune holds out to ambitious minds seemed to him only worthy of contempt. Having made up his mind then to enlist under the banner of Christ as his leader, he examined the Orders fighting for Him, to see in which of them he should enrol himself. First he was attracted by the mortified life of the Discalced Franciscans, and by the strict observance of the Order of Preachers throughout Spain; both these Orders, knowing his dispositions, would have conferred on him the order of the priesthood. But having recommended the matter to God long and earnestly, and having weighed all the reasons carefully, he determined to enter the lowly Society of Jesus, and to ask admittance as a humble Temporal Coadjutor, as though he were unworthy of the rank of a priest or unfit for it.¹

Dominic says in his examination, that "meeting with one Thomas White of Clonmel (who is Rector of the College of the Irish Seminary in Salamanca), by his persuasion he surrendered his pension and professed himself a Jesuit, remaining in a College of Jesuits at St. James in Galicia about three years." Father White was a man of rare piety and prudence, whose whole life, says Nieremberg, was of such interest that it deserves to be written out fully and in the minutest detail.² When consulted by O'Cullen he recommended him to enter the Order of the Dominicans or Discalced Franciscans, as he thought him not suited for the humble and meritorious labours of a Temporal Coadjutor of the Society. Considering the splendour of his birth,³ the symmetry and size of his powerful frame,⁴ which for beauty and stature was unsurpassed at that time in the Peninsula;⁵ considering his taste in dress and his daily society with illustrious persons, White fancied that his countryman would not be fit for the hard every-day work of a lay-brother. O'Cullen assured him, that he had long and duly considered all these things; that he had learned to dislike the light and blaze of the world; that he had resolved to serve God in the shade and obscurity of a lowly hard-working life; and that the very difficulties and hardships put before him by Father White only

¹ Nieremberg, Jouvancy, Tanner.

² See the sketch of Father White, *supra*.

³ La nobleza del Capitan.

⁴ "Proceri corporis et formæ elegantia (Alegambe); corporis proceri dignitas (Jouvancy); egregius dux equitatus specie et statura visenda." (Annual Letters of Compostella of year 1603.)

⁵ So says Nieremberg.

intensified his desire to embrace the religious life of a coadjutor. The Jesuit Superiors, however, for the sake of testing or confirming his vocation, thought it prudent to defer his admittance for a year; and even at the end of that time, though they were quite willing to receive him as a scholastic and promote him to the priesthood, he still persisted in his former resolution. They still hesitated as they were so struck by his dignified and lofty bearing, which was the result of distinguished birth and military training, that they were afraid his perseverance would not bear the strain of the humble condition which was the object of his fervent desires. They advised him again to join some other religious order; but he prayed to God that his wish might be granted, and so continued to urge the Superiors to receive him, that at last he obtained their consent. He intimated this to his superior officer, the Adelantado of Castile, who was then in command of the Armada which was preparing to go to the help of the Irish Catholics. The Adelantado, who held O'Cullen in great esteem, pressed him to change his mind; other officers of the army urged him to remain with them to help in the deliverance of his native land; while some expressed their admiration of his courageous and religious resolve. At that time¹ it required nothing less than heroic virtue to take such a step, which under the circumstances would have been attributed to cowardice had he not been universally recognized as a man without fear and without reproach. Yet it is not probable that, in the tiresome delays thrown in the way of his vocation, this thought did not often rise up as an insuperable obstacle to that vocation, an obstacle which nothing but the grace of God could have overcome in the naturally proud and martial spirit of this Irish chief. He bid adieu to his brother officers, and attended by some friends and servants he went to St. James of Compostella, where he was received into the house of the Society on Tuesday, the feast of the Immaculate Conception, December 8, 1598, at the age of thirty-one, as his biographers say, but at the age of forty-three, as we gather from his examination as reported by the Lord President of Munster.

The Fathers of that house shared the fears of Father White that the new condition of life would not suit a man of his

¹ O'Cullen had then heard of the great overthrow of the English at Blackwater, where Marshal Bagenal, thirty-three officers, and two thousand soldiers were slain by O'Neill on the 14th of August. This "Ill Newse out of Ireland" was published in London soon after the fight.

position and antecedents ; but they soon felt their misgivings fade away in the light of his words and still more of his actions. He assured them that, even if he excelled the greatest divines in learning, he would choose the life of a coadjutor, to which he felt called by Almighty God ; and he set to work at once, and while still wearing for two months his costly secular or military dress he performed all the duties of his new position.

At that time a highly contagious or infectious disease suddenly broke out in the College of Compostella, and he attended the sick most diligently, and sought out the lowest and meanest duties with as much eagerness as he had formerly coveted rank and dignities. He passed through all the tests of the novitiate, served as Refectorian in the College, and finally made his religious vows on February 4, 1601. Thus he devoted himself with fervour and assiduity to his hard and humble work ; but was sometimes allowed by his Superiors to spend whole days in communion with God. A year after his religious vows, his quiet life was broken in on by an order to go to Ireland as companion to a fervent and apostolic Jesuit, named Father James Archer, whom Don Juan del Aguila had selected as his spiritual director in the expedition to Ireland. The holy Brother was chosen for this arduous mission, as by his training in the world and in religion he was well fitted to render service to the sailors and soldiers as well as to his countrymen. When bidding farewell to his brethren at Compostella, he told them his great desire was to suffer a great deal for the name of Jesus Christ. Being well acquainted with the ways of sailors and soldiers, he was well qualified to further the glory of God and the good of souls ; and during the voyage he exerted his zeal in caring both the bodies and souls of the people of the ship ; attending on the sick day and night like a servant, and exhorting them to patience ; urging on those who were in good health, the practice of virtue, a horror of vice and the use of the sacraments. Yet he did not allow himself to be wholly taken up or absorbed by these duties ; he kept his soul united with God just as if he was in the retirement of a College, and he continued his practices of mortification both at sea and when he landed in Ireland, just as if he had no external labours to perform ; and by these voluntary mortifications he prepared himself to meet with courage the very great hardships and sufferings which he was destined to endure at the hands of the enemies of the Faith.

1

Brother Dominic's account of this passage of his life runs thus: "At that College of St. James, when I left it, were remaining two young men of Ireland, professed Jesuits; the one named Richard Walshe, son to one Robert, or Richard, Walshe of Waterford; and the other, one John Lee, son to Walter Lee of Kilkenny. Father James Archer procured the Superior of the Jesuits of Castile to command this examine to go with him as companion in the holy enterprise¹ of Ireland, though he had never seen him till of late here in Munster; for he came not at once with Don Juan and Archer, but with the supplies that came with Señor Jago to Castlehaven. He saith that he came from Castlehaven to Tirone's camp and was lodged with O'Sulyvan Beare; and after the overthrow given to Tirone and the Spaniards near Kinsale, he remained among his friends in Munster. Being asked what letters he brought into Ireland and to whom, he answereth that he brought three letters, which contained nothing else, as he confidently affirms, but his particular commendation and the cause why he was sent—which was, to be Father Archer's companion. Being demanded, when and where he first met with the Jesuit Archer after his arrival at Castlehaven, he sayeth that about the beginning of February last he met with Archer at a castle called Gortnacloghy, near Castlehaven, and that ever since, till the day of the Lord President's arrival with his forces against the Castle of Dunboy, he hath remained as a fellow with him, which said day Archer went from Dunboy, and since then he hath not seen him." And so continues his *Examination*, which would cover about five or six pages of THE MONTH, and was no doubt carried on with the help of the rack, the thumbscrew, or other torture.

We get an account of Brother Collins' fortunes at Dunboy from his enemies. In the *Pacata Hibernia*, written or dictated by the Lord President Carew,² we read: "On June 6, 1602, all our army landed, nevertheless the Irish came on bravely, but our falcons made them halt. . . . There were only two prisoners taken and presently hanged, whereof a servant of James Archer, the Jesuit, was one; and, if the Jesuit himself had not been a light-footed priest, he had fallen into our hands, and yet as nimble as he was he escaped with much difficulty." Carew

¹ *Holy* seems an interpolation by Carew; though no doubt Dominic thought it holy.

² Moore's *Hist. of Ireland*, vol. iv. p. 141.

also gives a number of letters purporting to be written to the besieged, but which, we shall presently see, are either forged or garbled. One of these is supposed to be written by Bishop MacEgan to Richard MacGeoghegan, who commanded the ward of Dunboy Castle, consisting of one hundred and forty-three of O'Sullivan's soldiers. He ends the letter by the words, "Commend me to Father Dominic."¹ Another purports to be from Father Archer to Brother Collins: "Your letter of Thursday came to our hands . . . be ye of heroic minds . . . there are but two ways to attempt you, that is, scaling with ladders, or battery. For scaling, I doubt not but your own wits need no direction; and for battery, you may make up the work at night." John Anias writes to him: "Be careful of your fortifying continually . . . what battery is made, suddenly repair it like valiant soldiers. . . . Devise yourselves all the invention possible to hold out this siege, which is the greatest honour in the kingdom. . . . Salute in my name Richard MacGeoghegan. Your loving cousin, John Anias. To Father Dominic, Berehaven, these."

"On the 17th of June the gabions, trenches, and platforms were finished, and at 5 a.m. our battery of one demi-cannon, two culverings, and one demi-culvering, played without intermission till 9 a.m., when a turret annexed to the castle fell down, and with it a falcon of iron which continually played at our artillery; and many of the Irish were buried in the ruins. At 1 p.m. the ordnance had battered down the west front of the castle, and the Lord President's regiment gave the assault, seconded by the regiment of (O'Brien) the Earl of Thomond, while the regiments of Percy and Wilmot stood in arms in the market-place. The Irish were forced to retreat under the safety of the east post of the castle, which was standing, which *place they so well defended that for an hour and a half* it was disputed with great obstinacy on either side. . . . Many of our men were slain or wounded, and we oppressing them by all means we might, and still attempting to get to the top of the vault, we were divers times forced down again. By a way we discovered we made a descent on the enemy, and gained ground. They being in a desperate case, some forty of them made a sally out of the castle to the

¹ It is very unlikely that a bishop would speak of a lay-brother as *Father* Dominic, or that such letters as these should be found among the ruins.

seaside, and were all slain, except eight who jumped into the sea and were slain by our seamen ; three leapt from the top of the vault and were slain by our soldiers, among them being a notable rebel called Melaghlen Moore, who had plucked the Earl of Ormond from his horse.

“ The courage of the Irish decreasing with their numbers, we gave a new assault to the top of the vault, our shot from the foot of the breach giving us good assistance, and, *after some hours’ assault and defence*, with some loss on both sides, we gained the top of the vault and placed our colours on the castle. The remainder of the ward retired into the cellars and defended the same against us. When the seventy-seven Irish were constrained to retire into and defended the same against us, upon promise of their lives they offered to come forth, but not to stand to mercy. *Notwithstanding, immediately after*, a Fryer born in Youghal, called Dominic Collins, who had been brought up in the wars of France, and then, under the League, had been a commander of horse in Britany (by them called Captaine la Branch), came forth and *rendered himself*, the sun being by this time set, and strong guards being left upon the rebels remaining in the cellar, the regiments withdrawn to the camp. The 18th, in the morning, twenty-three surrendered simply. MacGeoghegan, Chief Commander of the place, being mortally wounded with divers shots in his body, the rest made choice of one Taylor, an Englishman’s son (the dearest and inwardest man with Captain Tirrell, and married to his niece), to be their Chief ; who, having nine barrels of powder, drew himself and it into the vault, and there sat down by it, with a lighted match in his hand, vowing to set it on fire and blow up the castle, himself, and all the rest, except they had promise of life. The Lord President, for the safety of our men, gave directions for a new battery to bury them in the ruins. The bullets entering among them into the cellar, the rest being forty-eight in number, by intercession, but chiefly by compulsion, constrained them to surrender at 10 a.m. on the 18th. As the English entered the vault to receive them, Richard MacGeoghegan, lying there mortally wounded, and perceiving Taylor and the rest ready to render themselves, raised himself from the ground, snatching a lighted candle and staggering therewith to a barrel of powder (which for that purpose was unheaded) and offering to cast it into the same, Captain Power took him and held him in his arms with intent to make him

prisoner, until he was by our men instantly killed. So obstinate and resolved a defence had not been seen in this kingdom."¹

What Carew and his secretary, Stafford, tell us of the heroism of the Irish we may safely believe; everything else we must receive with caution as coming from a tainted source. We have no hesitation in saying that they were guilty of falsehood in their account of Brother Collins. His whole life gives the lie to their assertions. He was as brave as any man in the castle; he was a profoundly religious man, full of zeal for souls, and anxious to console the dying in their last moments by helping them to make acts of faith, hope, charity, and contrition; he was fearless of death, and it is incredible that he would abandon the warders in their hour of need, and "came forth and rendered himself," even if the brave warders would have let him do so. Besides he knew he could expect no mercy, though he was a non-combatant; for he was an Irish Jesuit, he was the companion of Father Archer, whom the English were most anxious to hang; he was chief of the O'Cullens, and his property was in the hands of the rapacious Richard Boyle, who would have used his great influence to get O'Cullen put out of the way. The facts are thus stated, and, we believe, truly, by the biographers of Brother Collins: that when Mac-Geoghegan was mortally wounded, and Taylor took his place, the besiegers promised to spare the warders' lives, if the castle was surrendered; and Dominic O'Cullen was selected to go out to settle the terms. But he was put in chains by the heretics, contrary to the law of nations, and in violation of their oath. For the besiegers had guaranteed the safety of all who defended the castle if they surrendered it; and had given a pledge, ratified by oath, into the hands of Dominic himself, who had proposed the terms of peace and was the messenger of the besieged. To have seized a Jesuit they supposed would save them from the indelible stain of treachery, and from the crime of perjury. He was taken by a company of soldiers to Cork, his hands tied behind his back. There he was shut up in the common prison by order of Sir George Carew, the President of Munster, a most bitter enemy of the Catholics.²

¹ *Hibernia Pacata*, p. 574. The rebellion in Munster was now stamped out with awful ferocity. Carew's flying columns laid waste the whole country, "not leaving behind man or beast, corn or cattle." (Walpole's *Kingdom of Ireland*, p. 166.)

² Major O'Reilly's *Irish Martyrs and Confessors*, p. 147. Jouvancy, Alegambe, O'Sullivan Beare, and others.

Such breaches of faith were not uncommon in the case of Irish surrenders ; they are recorded in the pages of Irish history, and are set forth at some length in Dr. Lynch's *Cambrensis Eversus*, ch. xxviii., where he says : " If an English officer besieged a fort, and the besieged, either wearied by protracted assaults, or in want of provisions, were compelled to treat for honourable conditions, and obtained full liberty to depart, as soon as they abandoned their fortress, they found that they had walked into the jaws of death." We do not care to dwell on many instances of the treachery and cruelty of Carew and his colonels, whose perfidies were in striking contrast to the upright conduct of General Sir Conyers Clifford, who fought fiercely to the death against the Irish at the battle of the Curlew Mountains and yet, on account of his rare integrity, was bewailed by them with tears, and was buried by them with the greatest honour in the Abbey of Sligo.

Carew, in the detailed accounts which he gives of Dunboy, does not say or hint that Brother Collins took any active part in the stubborn defence ; and hence we may conclude that with great self-denial he heroically confined himself to attending to the bodily and spiritual comfort of the wounded and dying. If he had yielded to his martial ardour, a man of his powerful build and skill in fight would have given a good account of himself, and would have been mentioned as well as MacGeoghegan, Taylor, and Melaghlin O'Moore ; he would have been in the very front of the battle, and would not have been " taken in arms ;" and like MacGeoghegan, he would have been " mortally wounded with divers shot in his body," the gigantic form of which would have presented a good mark for the musketeers. It is clear that he was a non-combatant, and yet by his enemies he was reported to his Superior in Dublin, Father de la Field, S.J., as *having been taken in arms and fighting*. We know even from Carew that this was false. Father de la Field, a gentleman of the English pale, whose sympathies were naturally and perhaps very properly on the English side,¹ writes from Dublin to Father General Aquaviva : " Our *Dominic is taken armed and fighting*,² is put in chains ; and, when neither by threats or

¹ O'Brien, Earl of Thomond, MacCarthy Reagh, MacCarthy of Carbery, Barry More, the White Knight, O'Donovan, and other Irish nobles and gentlemen were amongst the besiegers.

² " *Noster Dominicus armatus et pugnans capitur.*" The words are underlined in the manuscript.

promises he could not be moved to give up his religious profession, and the Catholic faith, or the Irish cause, in order to pass into the service of the Queen, he is hanged on the 3rd of October, and his death gives the greatest edification, and is witnessed and bewailed with tears by nearly all the citizens of Cork."¹ Here Dominic's conduct at Dunboy, and the date and place of his execution are misstated by the Dublin Jesuit, and he is unconsciously misrepresented to his Superior in Rome, who, however, at the same time got quite a different account in a Portuguese letter written from Ireland by an Irish Jesuit, wherein is given a sketch of the life and death of "our martyr O'Coulen"—*nosso martyr O'Coulen*. This letter is the earliest and most authentic account of the martyr. We shall give a translation of it at the end of our sketch, to which it may serve as a summary and supplement.

¹ *Ibernia Ignatiana*, p. 110.

Slavery and Serfdom in the British Isles.

III.—WALES.

WE have seen the Welsh, or, if we prefer to call them so, the Britons of the fifth century, carrying Irish Christians into slavery, and selling them to the Picts. In the following century, Gildas draws a dark picture of the state of corruption into which both princes and people had fallen, and slavery appears to have been very prevalent among them. An ancient Canon, which Mr. Haddan ascribes to the sixth century, ordains :

If a man commit murder intentionally, let him give three men-slaves and three women-slaves, and let him receive assurance of safety.¹

Similar penalties are exacted for other crimes. In one case, where the penalty is "half a bondmaid," it is added, "that is, half the price of a slave." This is the penalty for cutting off a man's thumb. Another Canon says :

If a man has bought a male or female slave, and within the year some unsoundness is found in them, we order the slave to be handed back to the former master ; but if a year has elapsed, whatever defect may be found in the slave, the buyer has no claim.²

A Canon exactly similar follows with regard to a horse, only the time is a month instead of a year. Another Canon relates to runaway slaves. A later Canon provides :

If a man wish to marry his female slave, he has also power over all that she has. But, if afterwards he should wish to sell her, he cannot be allowed. And if he makes up his mind to sell her, we command him to be condemned, and the bondmaid to be placed under the protection of the priest.³

On the margin of an Irish MS. of the Gospels, formerly at Llandaff, afterwards at Lichfield under the name of the Book of St. Chad, is the record of the manumission of a slave and his

¹ *Councils, &c.*, Stubbs and Haddan, vol. i. p. 127.

² *Ib.* p. 131, Can. 28.

³ *Ib.* p. 137, Can. 60.

family on payment of a sum of money which cannot now be ascertained.

An ancient Welsh MS., called the "Brut y Tywysog, Gwent," tells us—

In the year of Christ 926, Howel the Good, son of Cadell, King of all Wales, went to Rome, and three Bishops with him. . . . The reason they went there was, to consult the wise in what manner to improve the laws of Wales, and to ascertain the laws of other countries and cities, and the laws in force in Britain during the sovereignty of the Emperors of Rome. And after obtaining information of these things, and the counsel of the wise, they returned to Britain, where Howel convoked all the heads of tribes of the country and their assistants, and all the wise and learned, ecclesiastical and lay, in a combined session at the White House upon Tav (near the site of Whitland Abbey in Carmarthenshire), in Dyved (or West Wales); and after the laws had been all made and completely written, Howel the Good, accompanied by Princes of the Welsh, and three Bishops, and the Archdeacon of Landaff, went again to Rome, to Pope Anastasius, to read the law, and to see if there were anything contrary to the law of God in it. And as there was nothing militating against it, it was confirmed, and was called the law of Howel the Good from that time forward.¹

In these laws, of which three versions are extant, the Venetian, Dimetian, and Gwentian Codes, little mention is made of slavery. But a few instances will show that it was a practical reality in Wales in the tenth century. Thus:

Three persons who are not to receive "galanas" (blood-fine), . . . the third is a bondman, there is no galanas for him; only payment of his worth to his master, like the worth of a beast.²

From the *Anomalous Welsh Laws*, published by Thorpe, it appears that if a bondman's son become a cleric, or a bard, or a smith, he thereby gains his freedom; but his sons are bondmen, unless they belong to one of these privileged classes.³

There were certain privileges belonging to every true born Welshman, which are thus enumerated:

Three original privileges of every native Cymro, the grant and fruition of five free erwys (acres), under the privileges of his origin as an innate Cymro; and the issue of an ailt (alien) and stranger obtain this in the fourth person (generation) by legitimate marriages, that is, in the degree of seisor; the privilege of bearing defensive arms, with their emblems, for that is not allowed but to an innate Cymro of warranted

¹ *Councils, &c.*, Stubbs and Haddan, vol. i. p. 209.

² Thorpe, vol. i. p. 599.

³ *Op. cit.* ii. p. 327.

descent; and the privilege of raith (or verdict) under the protection of his chief of kindred; and at the age of growth of beard they are bestowed upon a Cymro, and upon a Cymraes (Welshwoman) when she shall marry.¹

There are several laws relating to "Taeogs," as the *villani* were called. One of these enacts:

There are three arts which a taeog is not to teach his son without permission of his lord, scholarship, smithcraft, and bardism; for if the lord be passive until the tonsure be given to the scholar, or until the smith enter his smithy, or until a bard be graduated, in song, he cannot afterwards enslave them.²

Three persons whose privileges increase in one [day: the first is, where a church is consecrated in a taeog-trev with the permission of the King, a man of that trev (*i.e.* villein-township), who might be a taeog in the morning, becomes on that night a free man. The second is, where the King confers one of the twenty-four offices of a privileged court on a person, who, before the office was given him, was a taeog, and after it was given, becomes a free man. The third is a cleric, who, on the day before he receives the tonsure, being the son of a taeog, is on that night a free man.³

If a church be built by permission of the King, within a taeog-trev, and there be a priest offering Mass in it, and it be a burying-place, such a trev is to be free henceforward.⁴

There are two laws which seem to hint at slavery in penal form. One of which prescribes that: "There are three thieves liable to be sold." And another which enacts:

Whoever draws blood from an Abbot of any of those principal sees before-mentioned, let him pay seven pounds; and a female of his kindred to be a washer-woman, as a disgrace to the kindred, and to serve as a memorial of the payment of the fine.⁵

The Brut y Tywysog states:

A.D. 1030. . . . That year Joseph, Bishop of Teilaw (Llandaff), ordered that no work or occupation should take place on the Sundays and holidays, and obliged the priests to teach to read the Holy Scriptures without payment or gift, and to abandon controversies.⁶

This law would principally affect the serfs, who were thus exempted from servile work on these days. The Welsh system was a curious mixture of the primitive tribal system, such as we have seen in Ireland, and the Saxon manorial, or the

¹ Thorpe, *op. cit.* vol. ii. p. 504.

² *Op. cit.* i. p. 437.

³ *Ib.* p. 445.

⁴ *Ib.* p. 543.

⁵ *Ib.* p. 559.

⁶ *Councils*, p. 291.

Roman villa estates. There were aliens, or *aillts*: and, like them, but yet distinct from them, there were *taeogs*, a class who could not claim tribal blood, and had not the rights of free-born Welshmen, while on the other hand they were not *caeths*, or slaves. These two classes were sworn men of some lord, on whose land they were placed, and they remained his tenants at will. Each of these *taeogs*, or *aillts*, had his home-stead, or *tyddyn*, with corn and cattle-yard. In South Wales these were grouped together into a *taeog-trev*. In this *trev* (or township) all the adults took equal shares, except the youngest sons who had no *tyddyn* of their own, until their father's death, when they succeeded to their father's *tyddyn*. With this exception, there was nothing hereditary about the holdings. The *taeogs* had no true Welsh blood, and therefore they were considered to have no family rights. They shared *per capita*, and not *per stirpes*. The *taeog* might not bear arms; he might not, without his lord's permission, become a scholar or cleric, a smith, or a bard, nor sell his swine, honey, or horse. Even if he were to marry a free Welshwoman, his descendants till the ninth degree remained *taeogs*. But after that, his descendant might claim his five free acres, and become the head of a new kindred. Yet the *taeog* had no menial services to pay. He had to pay his dues in food for the chief's table. In Gwent, these were in winter a sow, a salted fitch, sixty loaves of wheat bread, a tub of ale, twenty sheaves of oats, and pence for the servants. In summer a tub of butter and twelve cheeses and bread.¹ In North Wales, four *erws* or Welsh acres went to a *tyddyn*, sixty-four *tyddyns* composed a *trev*, and fifty *trevs* made a *cymwd*, or half-hundred, which had its court, with a "maer" and "canghellor" as officers over it, each of whom had four *trevs* free for his support. Honey was a very important item in the food-rents of the *taeog*. His lord could buy it all up if he chose. The wax was valuable for candles at the altar and for the chief's household. A swarm of bees was equal in value to an ox ready for the yoke. The "Law of Bees" in the Gwentian Code has a separate section to itself. It begins as follows:

The origin of bees is from Paradise; and on account of the sin of man they came from thence, and they were blessed by God, and, therefore, the Mass cannot be without wax.²

¹ Seebohm, *English Village Community*, p. 108.

² Thorpe, *Ancient Laws of Wales*, vol. i. p. 739.

The *tacog*, though not free, was yet more like the Roman *colonus* than the Saxon *villein*, and when Wales was conquered finally, the *tacogs* became the *villani* of the Prince of Wales, without being subject to any intermediate lord. In fact they were free, only not holding tribesmen's land.

The ancient Welsh laws supply the key to that curious system of which remnants are to be found in many parts of England at the present day, and which seem to have been universal in mediæval times, viz., the land of a *villanus* being composed of a number of small strips of half an acre each, scattered over the whole parish, or manor. This system was the result of co-tillage, or co-operative farming, by which a number of tenant-farmers clubbed together to get their ploughing done by a combined team of oxen, generally eight.

The Venedotian Code traces back the measures of length to the time of King Dyrnwal, who is supposed to have reigned over Britain six hundred years before Christ.

They made the measure of the legal *erw* by the barley-corn. Three lengths of a barley-corn is an inch; three inches in the palm breadth; three palm breadths in the foot; four feet in the short yoke, and eight in the field yoke; and twelve in the lateral yoke, and sixteen in the long yoke; and a rod, equal in length to that long yoke, in the hand of the driver, with the middle spike of that long yoke in the other hand of the driver, and as far as he can reach with that rod, stretching out his arm, are the two skirts of the *erw*, that is to say, the breadth of the legal *erw*; and thirty of that is the length of the *erw*.

Four such *erws* are to be in every *tyddyn*. Four *tyddyns* in every *randir* (shareland). Four *randirs* in every *gavael* (holding or farm). Four *gavaels* in every *trev* (township). Four *trevs* in every *maenol* (manor). And twelve *trevs* *maenols* and two *trevs* in every *cymwd* (province).¹

Applying this to English measure, it would seem that the pole or perch, which is five yards and a half, was the length of the long yoke of the *carruca*, or team four abreast. Forty times the length of this rod makes a furrow-long, or furlong. A strip one pole wide and a furlong in length is a rood; and four of these roods make an acre. The half-acre strip is two roods side by side. The Welsh laws say:

Whoever shall engage in co-tillage with another, it is right for them to give surety for performance, and mutually join hands; and after they have done that, to keep it until the tye be completed; the tye is twelve *erws*.

¹ Thorpe, vol. i. pp. 185—187.

The first erw belongs to the ploughman; the second to the irons (*i.e.*, the man who contributes them); the third to the outside sod ox; the fourth to the outside sward ox, lest the yoke should be broken; and the fifth to the driver; and so the erws are appropriated, from best to best, to the oxen, thence onward unto the last; and after that the plough erw. . . .

Every one is to bring his requisites to the ploughing, whether ox or irons, or other things pertaining to him; and after everything is brought to them, the ploughman and the driver are to keep the whole safely, and use them as well as they would their own.

If there should be a dispute about bad tillage, let the erw of the ploughman be examined as to the depth, length, and breadth of the furrow, and let every one's be completed alike.¹

The erws were divided from each other by balks two furrows in breadth. The tenth strip, set aside for tythe, was easily calculated. The strips being ploughed successively would all have a fair start for the harvest, while another tye of a similar number of strips would all be a little later; whereas, if all the land of one farmer were ploughed before any of the land of another co-tiller, he would have an unfair advantage of his neighbour, who had an equal right with himself in the combined team.

IV.—SCOTLAND.

This account of "Slavery and Serfdom in the British Isles" would not be complete without some notice of Scotland. Mr. William Skene has brought much varied erudition to prove that the Highlanders of Scotland are descended neither from the Saxon Lowlanders, nor from the Dalriadic Scots who came from Ireland, but from the aboriginal Caledonians mentioned by Tacitus.² The Lowlanders followed the manorial system of the Saxons, which the latter found established by the Romans. The Scots carried their tribal system with them from Ireland. Both were modified by the circumstances of the parts of the country they inhabited. But, according to Mr. Skene, the Highlanders appear to have differed very slightly from the Irish and Welsh in their domestic institutions. The Irish system of Tanistry prevailed, and the Tanist was not generally succeeded by his son, but by one of his brothers chosen by the clan. There was another chieftain, the head of the most

¹ Thorpe, vol. i. pp. 315—319.

² *The Highlanders of Scotland.* By William F. Skene, F.S.A., 2 vols. 1837.

powerful house of the clan, who was called the Toisich, or "first in battle," because in the absence of the chief he had to take the command, and when the chief was present, he commanded the van, and the right wing in battle. Mr. Skene says:

We must be careful to draw a proper distinction between the *nativi* or native men of Highland properties, and the *servi fugitivi* or *cumerlach*, the latter of which were slaves, and the same as the Welsh *caeth*, . . . and might be bought and sold either with or independent of the land. . . . The native man was the tenant who cultivated the soil, and who possessed, all over Scotland, but especially in the Highlands, a definite and recognized estate in the soil. So long as he performed his services he was not to be removed from his land, nor could his lord exact from him a higher rent or a greater proportion of labour than what was due, and of right accustomed to be given. Their great privilege, therefore, was that they held their farms by an inherent right which was not derived from their lord, and from which he could not remove them. And in this way we find that all old Highland alienations of land included the *nativis ad dictas terras pertinentibus*. The *servi* and *fugitivi* were the cottars and actual labourers of the soil, who were absolute slaves, and possessed no legal rights of station or property.¹

Mr. Skene says that when a Norman baron obtained possession of a Highland property, the Gaelic *nativi* remained in actual possession of the soil under him, but at the same time paid their *calpis*, or tribute to the head of the clan, and followed him to war. Mr. Skene states that there were no *servi* among the Highlanders, and infers from this that they were not a conquered race. Even if the fact were admitted, the analogy of other countries would not lead us to his inference. In England many of the *nativi* were doubtless descendants of the conquered Britons, and the rest of the Saxons or Angles conquered in their turn.

We have already seen what a large proportion of the population of England were in serfdom at the time of the Domesday Survey. The condition of the serfs, whether *villani* or *bordarii*, had already been much ameliorated, though emancipation had scarcely begun. One of the laws of William the Conqueror, as cited by Ingulph, the Abbot of Croyland, was—

They who hold the land by customary rent shall not be troubled for anything beyond their proper payment; nor shall it be lawful for the

¹ *Highlanders*, i. pp. 171, 172.

lords to remove the cultivators from their lands so long as they pay the proper service.¹

This gave them fixity of tenure, though that fixity was not voluntary on their part, for the next law runs :

The *nativi* (i.e., those born on the property in a state of villenage) who depart from their land, ought not to change their quarters nor to seek reception before doing the proper service which appertains to their land. The native who departs from the land where he is born, and comes to another land, no one shall retain him or his goods, but shall cause him to return to do his service, as it appertains to him. (*Ib.*)

But another law of the Conqueror, probably intended to increase the importance of the towns, became the cause of emancipation to many of the more enterprising villeins. It was this :

If *servi* (and a fortiori *villani*) shall have dwelt without reproach for a year and a day in our cities, or our boroughs which are fenced with a wall, or in our fortified places, they become from that day free, and they may be free from the yoke of their servitude for ever. (lxvi.)

Blomefield, in his *History of Norfolk*, quotes a case of appeal to this law as late as 1312, when—

Sir John de Clavering sued William Fitz and seventeen others, villanes of his manor of Cossey, for withdrawing themselves, their goods and chattels, out of his manor, and dwelling in other places, to his and the King's prejudice, upon which a writ was directed to force them to come and dwell in the manor, and bring all their goods with them. Upon execution of this writ, six of them pretended to be free men, and came to their trial, and pleaded that they came by their freedom in this manner, viz., by being citizens of the city of Norwich, having lived there and paid scot and lot for above thirty years with the free citizens there ; and two of them pleaded that they were born in the wall of the city, and as such produced the Conqueror's Charter, in which it was contained, that if any slaves or villanes lived without claim of their lords (i.e., without paying chevage, or a fine for licence so to do) for a year and a day, in any of the King's cities, walled towns, or in the camp, from that day they should be free men, and their posterity for ever ; upon which these six were declared free men, and an appeal from the King's Charter was not admitted ; and two more pleaded and obtained their freedom, by proving that Edward the First granted their fathers houses and lands in Norwich, to hold of him and his heirs, according to the custom of the city, and that they were their father's heirs ; but all the rest were forced to return and live in villenage under their lord.²

¹ Thorpe, vol. i. p. 481.

² Sir H. Ellis, *Introd. Domesday*, vol. i. p. 65.

Such narratives as these show us that down to the fourteenth century, the *villanus*, who was in France a free peasant, was still in the eye of the English law a serf. His tenure of land had, however, during the eleventh and twelfth centuries, advanced from a mere tenancy at will into what is still called "copyhold." Many of the villeins had no doubt followed their lords to the Crusades and other wars, and having borne arms became free. Villeins "became free," says Mr. Reeves, in his *History of English Law*, "if their lords grant or give them any free estate of inheritance to descend to their heirs." The Courts of Law, as we have just seen, "throw the onus of proof upon the man who claimed another as his slave or serf."¹ Emancipation was facilitated in a variety of ways. A villein could not indeed purchase his own freedom, but he might get some one else to buy him from his lord in order to set him free. Sometimes the lord would liberate at once all the bondmen on a particular estate, in return for a fixed rent to be yearly assessed on the inhabitants. But, as Lingard says—

The progress of emancipation was slow; the improved condition of their former fellows served only to embitter the discontent of those who still wore the fetters of servitude; and in many places the villeins formed associations for their mutual support, and availed themselves of every expedient in their power to free themselves from the control of their lords. In the first year of Richard the Second's reign (1377) a complaint was laid before Parliament that in many districts they had purchased exemplifications out of the Domesday Book in the King's Court, and under a false interpretation of that record had pretended to be discharged of all manner of servitude, both as to their bodies and their tenures, and would not suffer the officers of their lords either to levy distress or to do justice upon them.²

When we come to trace the abolition of serfdom in these islands, we shall see the various causes that combined to put an end to both kinds of servitude.

¹ Reeves, *op. cit.* Edit. Finlayson, vol. i. p. 152.

² Lingard, *Hist.* vol. iii. p. 285.

An Old English School-book.

THE Colloquy of Elfric is the oldest book of language lessons for English scholars, and so it may claim a wider interest than that of the specialist, whether philologist or pedagogue. A book that shows us the inside of a school-room a thousand years ago cannot be without attraction, and when it incidentally throws light on the manners and ways of the working classes, it wins a new title to attention.

The schools in England, from the earliest times till long after the Norman Conquest, were chiefly if not wholly connected with the monasteries with which the country was dotted, and it is in one of these that this Colloquy was written by its Abbot Elfric towards the close of the tenth century. The school was made up of boys dedicated to the convent in childhood, and of boys from the neighbourhood admitted to share their advantages. The lessons were held in the writing-room or scriptorium of the monastery, and did not begin till the after-dinner nap was over, for the convent boys were early risers, and had earned a post-prandial nap, as we shall see by-and-bye. The master is often represented in pictures in old manuscripts seated in the middle of the room ; around him his pupils with wax tablets in place of slate or notebook, and the Latin instruction seems to have begun with the dictation of a vocabulary of Latin words, which the boys wrote on their tablets and erased when they had learned them by heart. The teachers, at least, were provided with "ponies," in the shape of translations, of which a considerable number are preserved, with the words divided into sections and arranged by subjects. The school did not begin till afternoon ; the boys had been up from a very early hour, attending the various convent services, and after their simple noon meal, no doubt even the liveliest among them was ready for a nap, after which the session of the school was held in the scriptorium of the monastery. The monastic rules were a good deal relaxed or the benefit of youth both as to diet and confinement, and

they seem on the whole to have had a happy time of it; so much so, that the best among them no doubt preferred to stay in the monastery after they had completed the ordinary course, and begin their novitiate. Thus the monkish schools were the nurseries of literary culture, and the means by which from many the most gifted could be discovered and saved to science from a world which at that time cared, like Gallio, for none of these things.

The prime necessity of convent life, and of any literary or scientific life, at this time was to know how to read and to speak Latin. This every one needed for the daily Offices of the Church and in intercourse with the brethren of other nationalities, and it is not improbable that in earlier times it might have been quite as familiar to the older monks as their mother-tongue itself, though the study of Latin had its ups and downs in English history, and King Alfred, who was an enthusiastic patron of the vernacular, tells us that there was at the beginning of his reign no one south of the Humber who could read his Mass-book in Latin, "and," he adds, with a kind of grim humour, "I think there were not many beyond the Humber." However, during and after his rule things bettered themselves for a time, and when Elfric wrote, though the demand for translations was keenly felt, the ability to make them was widely spread also.

In the Colloquy of Elfric we see the teacher at work with his pupils. The book is cast in the form of a dialogue where affairs of every-day interest are discussed, and incidentally a good many interesting side-lights cast on the manners and customs of the time.

These model boys begin by praying the master to teach them to speak correctly; for though they talk Latin, as perforce they must, they talk it faultily.

"Well," says the teacher, "what do you want to talk about?" "What do we care what we talk about, if it be grammatical and useful, not idle, nor bad?" say these young prigs, and go on, in answer to a question whether they want to be beaten, to give the answer, "We would rather be beaten than not learn." Then the teacher asks one of them what he is and does, and the amiable youth tells him that he sings psalms and reads, but that in his spare moments he would like to learn Latin. Then the boys take various parts: one is a ploughman, another a shepherd, an oxherd, a hunter, a fisher, a fowler, a merchant, a salter, a

baker, and last of all, but only to point out a moral against luxury, a cook. As, in answer to questions, the various work of such labourers is told, a good deal that is of interest in the social life of the times comes out too.

We learn, for instance, that the oxherd, who takes the oxen from the ploughman at evening, drives them, not to a barn, but to the field, and stands guard over them all night, lest they should be stolen, for cattle would at that time be the most tempting and the easiest booty that thieves could get. The farmer tells us that, though the weather be never so cold, he has to plough at least an acre every day in winter, and that he has a boy to drive "who is hoarse now with cold and shouting." Besides this, the ploughman had to care for the stalls as well, and had to feed the cattle. The poor fellow ends by saying that he has to work hard because he is not free. Elfric had the touch of nature that makes the whole world kin, and shows how the early Church kept in tune with the people. When we find that the shepherd takes his sheep to the sheepfold at night, and, besides his natural duties, makes butter and cheese, it seems a reasonable inference that milk of ewes and goats was the sort chiefly used among the early English, and the shepherd was also a sort of dairyman as well. One's ideas of hunting in the olden time are now-a-days likely to be influenced by thoughts of Robin Hood, clothyard arrows, and so on. But before the Norman Conquest the English do not seem to have been very great hunters. The one to whom we are introduced here tells us how he hunts. He sets nets, and gets his dogs to drive the game into them, when he kills them. Sometimes though, he says, he chases the game with dogs. It is interesting to see what animals were hunted in England in the tenth century. He says he catches stags and boars, does and goats, as well as hares. This hunter, by the way, says he will not hunt that day, for it is Sunday. Clearly, then, that day caused no interruption in the school work. If the hunter was somewhat prosaic in his methods, the hawker shows rather more spirit. Indeed, this was the favourite sport of the time. The one in our Colloquy hawks only in winter, and lets his birds go in spring, for "they eat so enormously." In the fall he catches a new set for winter use, but he says all were not so economical.

Interesting is the merchant's account of what he brings to England, for it shows both what they wanted and what they did not produce. The mines in England, which in Roman times

had yielded so richly, had ceased to be worked, for the merchant tells us that he brings home from over sea brass, tin, sulphur, and glass, as well as wine and oil for the table, and perfumes and embroidered garments for the toilet. If we are carried here into luxury beyond the sphere of the young convent scholar, the shoemaker soon brings us back. He would seem to have been a sort of factotum ; he makes not only shoes, but clothes, hats, bottles, purses, and harnesses, so that he proudly adds to the long list of his excellencies, "No one of you could get through the winter without me." One may perhaps be surprised to find a "salter" among these common-place figures, but his social position was an important one. Means of transportation were poor, and great supplies of meat were preserved in large storehouses. The people became accustomed to eat vastly more salt than is now the case, and owed to this several diseases, among them leprosy, which are now almost extinct. So it is not surprising to hear the salter ask in scorn, "Who can eat fresh meat? You cannot even eat your vegetables without me." The tradespeople exalt each their calling, and finally decide that the place of honour is the farmer's, "for he feeds us all."

We learn that craftsmen had already an organization with a master which they called consularius. But a discussion of the social organization by which the Church accomplished what selfish socialism is still blindly seeking, which secured general comfort, while the vast accumulations of property were in the hands of the Church and managed for the public good, and not to gather increased wealth for individual possessors ; all this proves too much for the scholars, who could not realize by how precarious a tenure they held their happiness, and it is natural if the boys protest that the subject is too much for them, and ask the teacher to give them something easier ; so he asks one of the boys what he has done that day, and we get in a few lines a very good picture of a day in a monastic boarding-school. At three o'clock, when he heard the bell, he got up and went to church (he says, however, later on, that sometimes the master woke him with a stick), and occupied the morning in various religious services till about noon, when they took their first meal, meat and ale for the boys, wine but no meat for the monks. Then they went to sleep, and afterwards had school. Then the teacher proceeds to the dangerous question, "Were you whipped to-day?" to which the boy is able to answer, "No, because I held myself warily." But to the further question if any of his companions were whipped,

he refuses to answer at all, quite according to the tradition of the modern schoolboy, who perhaps needs also the exhortation with which the dialogue closes, to behave himself in church and go home without too much horse-play.

Such books as these, and word-lists to be memorized, made up the preliminary instruction in ancient languages, after which followed the Bible and the Fathers of the Church. The favoured ones got a peep into the classics as well, but it was regarded as stolen fruit, so that it is said that the monkish way of asking for Virgil or Horace was to scratch one's self as a dog does, as much as to say that the animal in him desired relief from the daily round of spiritual duties among these witty though heathen companions. The Saxons of the seventh and eighth centuries were more frank in their use of the classics. Aldhelm, Bede, and Alcuin quote frequently both Virgil and Ovid, and though the last did not suffer his pupils to read Virgil, he gave himself the pseudonym of Flaccus. St. Theodore of Canterbury made Homer his daily companion, and many of the Canterbury scholars of his day were proficient in Greek.

Some such training must have been the lot of the author of a mathematical treatise of the tenth century, who seems to have had some fame among his fellows throughout England, one Bryhtferth, who wrote a treatise on the Calendar and the Christian Year, for the benefit of Upland priests, whose intellectual attainments he holds in great contempt, and young monks for whom he has more hope. Whether he himself was as much mixed up as his book, it is hard to say, but one cannot help feeling a profound pity for those who had to study it. He was, however, versed in ancient lore, and is constantly telling us, nearly always wrongly though, the Greek word for this and that. He knows the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* as names, but nothing more, quotes Virgil, and is himself the author of this inspiration over the Zodiac: "I bid depart from me the Castalidan nymphs which dwell on Helicon's hillside, and I bid depart also Latona and Diana who dwell at Delos, of whom old legends tell, and I hope that the glorious Cherubim will be by and will bring from the altar on high with their golden tongs the bright sparks, and touch my dumb mouth that I with clear insight may plainly explain this circle in English." This certainly is a climax, and one feels that he has not studied poetry in vain, though his attempt to explain classical metres is far from clear, and his arithmetical knowledge is certainly, to use Falstaf's phrases, a

very small bit of bread to an unconscionable deal of sack. The "Upland priest" who should have been obliged to calculate Easter by his rules would have had small time left for his flock.

A certain amount of classical mythology was almost inevitably acquired, though strangely perverted by centuries of filtration through uncritical minds, but this, and a knowledge of classical antiquity, was a secondary consideration. Elfric's purpose was to give a practical course in every-day Latin, and such a course, with the constant practice which their daily life gave, must have made many of them easy speakers in that language, while some became not inelegant writers also, especially before the Danish invasions; for after that the monasteries had to contend against foreign plunderers and domestic extortions, and could hope for scanty aid till Norman times. Yet these Saxon schools were the nurseries of literary culture, and the means of saving to science and literature the most gifted minds from a world which, in its anarchy of political disorder, could care for no scholarly culture. Sometimes, indeed, as in the years that preceded Alfred the Great, the disorders of the world drove learning from its last refuge, but the first hope of peace found the monks busy again; nor was their work in any way done, or their mission accomplished, when the monasteries were swept from England, though it may perhaps be said that, as they ceased to be needed as the refuge of learning, they ceased also to be its centre.

BENJ. W. WELLS.

Glencoonoge.

CHAPTER XV.

THE WEDDING.

THE wintry colours faded from the sky as we drove homewards, and it was rapidly growing dark when we reached the chapel. Conn and the book-keeper led the way in, and went and knelt at the altar-rails to prepare for confession, which in these parts immediately precedes the Sacrament of Matrimony. To the crowd at their heels this was a matter of course, and the whole body of young men and women who had come to witness the ceremony composed themselves to await the priest's arrival, standing motionless in silence. Some faint whispering at the edge of the crowd there was, and some flitting to and fro of ragged children running in and out of the chapel; but their little bare feet did not make much noise pattering on the brick floor, and their suppressed bursts of laughter were hardly noticed. There was a great stir when Father John drove up half an hour later, and throwing the reins to the nearest bystander, strode into the church and through the crowd which parted to let him pass, through the railings and sanctuary into the sacristy; whence he presently emerged in surplice and stole, with taper in hand to light two candles on the altar. This done, he returned to the sacristy, beckoning the book-keeper, who rose and followed him. Then the crowd resumed its patient mood; the children played half in, half out of the chapel; the evening light seen through the open door changed from fading white to blue. A long way off on the straight road a labourer draws near; he calls to a neighbour in a field, his voice sounding like the echo of a chime in the open air; he waves his hand with a laugh in the direction of the chapel whither he is bending his heavy steps. By-and-bye he enters lumberingly, and with a short quick bend of both knees to the altar after the fashion of a country-woman's curtsey, sprinkles

himself with holy water, crosses himself with thumb on forehead, mouth, and chest ; drops on his knees a moment ; then standing up and leaning his shoulder against the wall, falls without further sign or word, into the passive waiting attitude of the rest.

Thus did the long minutes pass slowly over our heads. There was again a general stir as the book-keeper came out, and Conn took her place in the sacristy ; and then every one settled down again to wait till Conn's confession should be finished. More and more impressive did the minutes become as that strange hour wore away ; and stronger grew the sense of the momentous nature of the event about to occur in the lives of the two chief actors there. The flickering candles on the altar filled the gloom with dancing shadows ; a light wind sighed ever and again among the pine-tree tops or along the chapel roof ; the ivy flapped against the window-panes. The silent-breathing crowd, half filling the church, was scarcely less mute than the dead in the graves around outside the chapel walls. It was a rare and solemn interval of time during which life and the world seemed to stand still, the warning past to fuse with the present, the dead to mingle with the living. Memories floated around of others passed away who once stood together at those altar-rails, happy like children. The air was full of phantoms, frightful shapes : starved Poverty with his dreadful cares ; Disease chilling with its touch the marrow of young children ; Death with his scythe early snapping the marriage bond ; Hatred that had once been Love severing with fiercer cruelty. Oh, well it is that the hard lesson of the past and the unthinking joy of the present should be tempered by the divinely-guided voice in the confessional, which speaks to each of the lovers in turn ; extols the high call of marriage, and the great duties that spring from it ; warns of the troubles that in some shape will arise to test constancy, to exercise patience, to strengthen love, and bring both to a good end, if to Heaven and each other they are faithful !

At length Conn appeared, and shortly after Father Moriarty came out, carrying his book in one hand, and in the other a brush and vessel of holy water. The lookers-on had now finally roused themselves and closed up nearer to the altar-rails. Many who till now had stood without, came in ; so that the chapel became quite full. Neighbours who had not seen each other this evening before, exchanged nods and smiles, or laughing comments regarding the occasion, and tried to get

a sight of the pair. To see Conn was easy enough, he was a head over any there, a head and shoulders over most; but the bride it was not so easy to see. And now, as the short ceremony began, the movement, and the coughings, and the whisperings ceased, and a hush reigned over the whitewashed chapel. You would have thought, from the intent look upon every face as the bride and bridegroom repeated after the priest the words plighting lifelong troth, as the money jingled on the plate, and Conn placed the ring upon the bride's finger, that it was the first marriage that had been beheld within living memory. These parts of the ceremony were spoken in English, and then, at a sign, everybody knelt down, while over the newly-married pair the priest read the concluding prayers. Then Conn, and his wife, and several others, followed the priest into the sacristy to sign the register. As the happy pair emerged into the church again, every one crowded up to them to shake hands, and it was some time before they could make their way to the door. Once out, however, the church rapidly emptied after them, and Father John came out of the sacristy to put out the lights. The good man's face wore a satisfied expression. Nothing pleased him more than that the young men and women of his parish should get married. "Go along with ye!" he said to the children, who were now almost the only ones left in the chapel, and who were still scampering backwards and forwards, some of them following him with wide open eyes, "Go along with ye! I'll marry every one of ye yet."

Once outside, the voices were raised, and the good wishes more loudly expressed. A cheer was presently taken up as the cars set off at a spanking rate, which soon out-distanced even the strongest-limbed of those who tried to keep up with them. Numbers of people streamed to the inn at irregular intervals, the boys and girls running most of the way, and their elders following more leisurely. I noticed, too, a few middle-aged farmers, well-to-do fellows, to whom a wedding was no new excitement—they had been married themselves, for that matter—who remained behind to exchange remarks on what had passed, and then sauntered back to their homes.

Meanwhile, Conn and the book-keeper had been borne out of one fire of congratulations into another. Old Matt Dwyer was there, near the doorway of the inn, and Conn's father, and Mrs. Ennis on the doorstep, rustling in a black silk dress, and a blue silk cap, trimmed with white lace. Behind her were all

the servants. Mrs. Ennis kissed the young people as they descended, and old Mr. Hoolahan embraced his son and new-made daughter.

"Long life to ye both!" said old Matt Dwyer, "and happiness." And there followed a chorus of "Good luck to you, Conn," and "Long life to you, ma'am," from the servants.

"Come in here and rest yourselves," cried Mrs. Ennis, bustling to her own parlour, "you must be tired, and in want of a minute's quiet."

The book-keeper sank into a chair. "I never stood so long at a stretch before," she said, laughing, "and the walk too, that we had beforehand, over that rough ground!"

"I'd do it all over again with the greatest of pleasure," said Conn.

"Spare yourself, my fine fellow," cried Mrs. Ennis, "there's more before you yet. You'll have to do your share of dancing, and you must look after the comfort of your guests—for they are *your* guests, you know."

"Indeed, 'tis a proud wedding you're giving us, Mrs. Ennis. 'Twill be remembered this many a day."

He was saying this when Father John and I entered. "Well, Conn Hoolahan," said Father John, shaking him and Mrs. Hoolahan in turn by both hands, "I'm glad that the little embassy you despatched me and my friend here upon has turned out so well. Do you remember the day," turning to me, "we went in to break the news to Mrs. Ennis? Ha, ha! there they were! not one of them at cross purposes, yet all afraid one of the other. Conn, I'm ashamed of you! You were too bashful, entirely. What's that noise outside?"

"'Tis only the people going into the coffee-room," said Mrs. Ennis. "Dan, do you show them the way, and put them into their seats, and keep the good souls quiet. Mind ye keep the top table clear for ourselves. What is it, Mary Maloney?"

"If ye plaze, ma'am, Mrs. Costello" (that was the cook) "says she'll die. She never knew a fire like it for heat, and to cook dinner for one, in addition to tea for two hundred, is too much for any pair of arms."

"Cook dinner?" asked the book-keeper.

"To be sure, miss—ma'am, I mane—dinner for No. 7."

"No. 7?" repeated the book-keeper, still puzzled.

"Ah, never mind her," cried Mrs. Ennis. "Mary Maloney,

go back and help Mrs. Costello. Your coming here isn't likely to put her in better temper. The girl's beside herself with excitement," she added, as Mary Maloney disappeared.

"What does she mean by No. 7?"

"Only a visitor that came awhile ago. I've put him into room No. 7. Is there a better?"

"It will do very well," said the book-keeper.

"When I saw him drive up, 'Dear, dear!' I said to myself, 'twas a pity you did not put off coming till to-morrow.'"

"You've no one but yourself to blame, ma'am," cried Father John. "The fame of your hostelry has spread abroad, ma'am, and you must pay the penalty."

"It might be a harder one," sighed Mrs. Ennis, complacently.

"There's many a one," remarked Conn's father, "who would make no objection to being in your place, Mrs. Ennis, nor to sharing your trouble, ma'am, if it comes to that."

"Hallo!" cried Father John, "what's this? One wedding makes many—there's more work in store for me, I see. Very well, Mr. Hoolahan, very well put."

"Oh dear, oh dear! Isn't it too bad, now?" cried Mrs. Ennis. "To think I should have had to wait so many years before the word was spoken!"

"What is it? What have I said?" asks Conn's father, looking round bewildered at the roomful laughing at him.

"That's right, Mr. Hoolahan. Play with the fish before you hook it," cries Father John.

"I declare to my goodness," said the old man, solemnly, "I don't know *won* bit what you're all"—here Conn whispered his father—"eh, what! did I say that? Ha, ha, ha! ha, ha, ha! Yes, Mrs. Ennis, and I meant it, too, ha, ha, ha!"

"I shouldn't have thought it of you, Mr. Hoolahan," said Mrs. Ennis, bridling with mock dignity. "The wickedness isn't all out of you yet, I'm afraid, old as y' are."

The door burst open at this juncture, and Dan appeared, breathless, to say that everything was ready; so we trooped into the coffee-room, Conn and the bride going first, and being received with a general uprising and a volley of salutations which lasted until we had reached our places at the top table; and then the talking and laughter which our entrance had interrupted recommenced in all parts of the room, and mingled with the clatter of crockery, as Michael, and Dan, and Patsy, and Jerome, and several more, scurried in with steaming tea-pots, and passed

up and down the tables receiving a running fire of "chaff," and with the best temper in the world, giving back as good as they got. Tea and coffee, cakes, and bread and butter, were the staple of our feast ; but a great entertainment in St. George's Hall in Liverpool itself would not have caused more hilarity. Uproariousness and screaming mirth amongst parties of young people ; cosy confidences between old women in their ancestral cloaks, emphasizing their talk by the nodding together of hooded heads, and the occasional uplifting of shrivelled hands ; grotesque over-earnestness of groups of old men, sitting side by side or opposite each other, cracking their feeble voices in their excitement, and attracting by their shrill arguments the amused attention of their younger neighbours—these were a few of the combinations which were repeated many times about the room. To watch them was for some time the chief occupation of more than one of us at the top table, in the centre of which sat Mrs. Ennis, with the bride and bridegroom on each side of her. Father John was next to Conn ; then Conn's sister, then his father, and so on in that direction. On our side I was the immediate neighbour of the bride ; on my left was Mary Maloney, and next to her was Patsy Hoolahan's seat, and so the layers continued.

"Patsy," cried Mary Maloney, after a rapid glance round, "Miss Johnson's cup's empty ; go and get a holt of a tea-pot."

"Miss Johnson!" says Patsy, under his breath as he puts his legs over the bench, "sure she's not Miss Johnson *now*!"

"Oh, well, never mind ; go you and get her some tea. It sounds so odd, miss," continued Mary Maloney, by way of apology when he was gone, "I don't know how I'll ever do it."

"Do what, Mary?" said the book-keeper.

"Call you by your new name, Miss—Mrs. Hoolahan—it sounds so odd."

"What a child you are, Mary! You'll be Mrs. Hoolahan yourself some day, won't she, Patsy?" Patsy had come back and was pouring out more tea.

"I don't know that," strikes in Mary Maloney, "he'll have to be after behaving himself better than he's doing, before *that* happens."

"Don't mind her, miss, I mane ma'am ; she doesn't mane it won bit. 'Tis a very different mouth she does be making when we're by ourselves."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mary Maloney, "listen to that now for a

lie! Pat Hoolahan, you'll take your seat no more by me this night after what you said; mind that now."

"Here, Patsy!" calls out Mrs. Ennis, "fill Father John's cup. 'Tis a sin and a shame for you, Mr. Moriarty, to be talking of leaving so early. Sure the light of the party'll be gone out when you turn your back."

"Not it!" says Father John, "their spirits'll go up like wild fire when they see I'm gone. But I know why you want me to stay. 'Tis only because you won't be able to manage them without me. I'd remain on awhile if it wasn't for the long mountain road I have before me."

"Sure you could have a bed here, sir," said Mrs. Ennis petulantly.

"Mrs. Ennis, if you weren't a heretic you'd remember my Mass in the morning, and the people coming and having to go away again disappointed."

"At least you'll say a word or two in honour of the occasion. In a few minutes the clatter will be over. Sure it won't make the difference of a quarter of an hour to you."

So Father John was persuaded to stay awhile longer; but his opportunity was slow in coming. The buzz of conversation, broken here and there by some local chorus of laughter which came most often from that end of our table where Patsy, banished from Mary's side, was now sitting, showed no signs of stopping.

"'Tis a pity to interrupt them," said I.

"But the dance!" urged Mrs. Ennis. "They won't be satisfied with a short spell of dancing, and I want it to break up at eleven," saying which, she rapped so loudly on the table as to suddenly cause a complete silence.

"My friends," said Father John, rising, "I'm sorry that duties which you know of compel me to leave you soon, but I can't go without saying what's on my heart, and what I know is on yours (cheers), and that is our true and heart-felt wishes for the happiness and prosperity of the young people whose weddin' we are here this night to celebrate. (Applause.) Of the young wife I will say this and this only: that she came among us as a stranger, but that there is not a man or a woman in this room who speaks, no, nor thinks of her as a stranger now, or whose respect, esteem, aye and affection too, she has not won. (Cheers) We all wish that Glencoonoge may continue to be her home; that she may be happy among us;

happy in the sympathy of us around her, happy in the love of her husband. He sits beside me. (Loud, prolonged, and enthusiastic cheering, many rising and calling out greetings wholly indistinguishable in the uproar. Father John, overcome and trying to recover himself, suffered the manifestation to continue as long as it would ; but when it had finished a bass voice from out of one of the hoods was heard to repeat as if in self-communing, 'He's a fine boy, God bless him!' which caused the enthusiasm to break out afresh.) A young man," continued Father John, "who is worthy of the father that bore him. A young man of whom I think I say the highest praise when I say that he and such as he keep up the good tradition which, thank God! has always held its ground in this part of the country, of a love for religion, for parents and brothers and sisters; a love for every manly exercise (loud cheers), a chivalry for the weak and suffering; a young man whose growth in these qualities has kept pace with the growth of his body, and whom we now see at this moment arrived at the most important event of his life. It is your hope, I know, no less than mine, my friends, that he may continue to be worthy of those who have gone before him. He has a bright example in the person of his excellent father who sits near me (cheers), and I hope it is in store for that father to witness in regard to his other sons repeated occasions on which we may meet together for the same purpose as that for which we are gathered here this evening. (Laughter and cheers, and a cry of 'Long life to you, Mr. Hoolahan.') We trust and pray that the happiness which he enjoys to-night may be experienced in the course of time by the bridegroom to whom we are now wishing joy, and who we trust may live to know—not once but many times—the happiness which a father feels when the son he loves throws up a roof-tree of his own, and brings home to his hearth the love of some good girl."

Loud cheers, mixed with a good deal of laughter, greeted the final words of Father John's address. A voice whispered in my ear, "Father John seems in a great hurry for Conn to be a grandfather! Sure there's all the christenings to come first!" It was Patsy who spoke, and who turned from me to my neighbour, saying, "Mary Maloney, you heard what Father John said about me; about *me*, d'ye mind; and do you still sit there unrepintant?"

But Mary, with a toss of her head, turned away to listen to

what Conn would say when the cheering, which broke out afresh as he stood up, should have finished.

"I wish I could talk like Father John," Conn Hoolahan said, when after a considerable pause he had found his voice, "but I am taken quite aback and unexpected. Nevertheless I hope that no one here will think I don't feel their kindness because I haven't words enough to say how much. . . . I mustn't forget to thank you for—for—for my wife; for the kind words Father John said about her, and the kind way you all cheered what he said. 'Tis a wonder she had me at all, and I never thought she would." Conn waited a minute amidst a breathless silence to see if any more ideas would come, and finding they didn't he said, "That's all," and sat down under a storm of enthusiasm.

Old Mr. Hoolahan proposed the health of Mrs. Ennis in a long, and I must add, a very tedious speech; and Father John having briefly replied on her behalf, we all rose, he to hurry away, and the rest of us to prepare for the dancing. In a surprisingly short time the empty cups and plates, dishes and what not, were hurried away out of sight, and the bare tables moved up against the walls, leaving a clear space in the centre. The tables were speedily turned into platforms by those intending to be only spectators; some standing thereon, others being furnished with chairs, others lolling or sitting on the edges. A row of benches in front of the tables gave seats to those who wanted them or did not prefer to stand about in groups, and made an amphitheatre of faces, from the mouths of many of which began to issue long clay pipes and volleys of white smoke. Through the kitchen door Dan and Patsy and one or two more were to be seen with earnest faces brewing punch and slicing lemons; but most eyes were turned in expectancy at the present moment towards the bride and bridegroom, the former of whom was apparently resisting the united entreaties of her husband, her father-in-law, and Mrs. Ennis.

"Is it on your own wedding-night to refuse!" exclaimed the latter with indignation.

"'Tis but right," said Mr. Hoolahan, "you should open the ball."

"But you know how I blundered the other night!"

"Any step will do. Leave it to me," said Conn, softly drawing her arm within his and leading her into the middle of the room, "and I'll tell you what to do," so saying, he signalled to the fiddler, who, beating his foot upon the table, set up one of those

tunes which bewilder the strange ear with their jerky rapidity and sudden transitions. I think most people shared my curiosity as to the result, and were surprised to see how cool the bride was, and the manner in which she acquitted herself; being so well acquainted with the chief movements of the dance that she did not require any direction to speak of from her husband.

"Egad," whispered Patsy to Mary Maloney, "she dances nearly as well as yourself, Mary."

"And well she may after the number of times I told her what to do."

"*You* told her!"

"Don't I tell you so? You saw her yourself on Christmas night at your father's, and she could dance no more than the tongs. Many a time since she'd be talking of this night and that, of all things under the sun, she dreaded the dancing more than anything. 'Sure 'tis the easiest thing in the world when once you know,' says I, and I taught her the steps by degrees, and that's how she learnt."

"Think o' that now!"

"Ah! D'ye take me for a fool?"

As for Conn, his performance was very active and sprightly. The knee trick evoked cries of "good," and nothing could have been clearer than the rattle of his shoes upon the boards. But when he took the audience by storm, suddenly changing critical admiration into enthusiasm, was at the end in giving his partner the final twirl. This he did so rapidly that she became dizzy, and then as she clung to him for support he snatched from her lips a kiss that sounded through the room.

Wasn't she angry! Conn ran away pulling up his coat-collar about his ears, and peeping at her round the corners of it as she followed and he kept his distance. But it was not because they had differences to settle that the fiddler was to have breathing time. A dozen couples rushed into the space left vacant by the pair who were allowed to arrange their dispute unnoticed, and who were presently to be seen sitting amicably together, while the dance proceeded with a regularity of motion and a distinctness of tramp which I must say were very effective, pleasing, and inspiring. After this the doses of punch, though not over-strong nor too liberal as to quantity (how could they be with so many to be served!), were acceptable enough and circulated freely. Then there

were songs, and then more dancing, and so the evening wore away. Dan's song we had, of course—the one he sings to the flourish of a shillelagh, with which he occasionally touches the heel of his boot, dancing a kind of breakdown between the verses; and Patrick gave, "The hat my father wore," with grave pantomimic reference to his sire opposite, who was not at all too well pleased with the familiarity. From beginning to end Mrs. Ennis never ceased to beam; and of the influences inspiring to mirth that night, the expression of her face was not the least powerful.

"I only wish," she said to me, "that there wasn't that poor man moping somewhere about the house all alone by himself."

"What poor man?"

"No. 7. Why on earth would he come on such an inconvenient day! D'ye think would he care to come in and look on? I'm sure he's very welcome if he would. He seemed a plain sort of man and down in the mouth; I wouldn't care about asking him myself, but if you were to see him, and just mention in a casual way that there was fun going on, it might cheer him up to have a sight of it. Thank you," she added, in response to my acquiescence, "'tis very kind of you, Mr. Shipley; but any way, mind you come back soon, for 'tis getting late."

I found the stranger in the library, sitting in front of the fire, with his feet on the fender, his elbows on his knees, and his face buried in his hands.

"Oh, so you've come at last, have you?" he said petulantly, half-lifting his head as I entered. "I've rung I don't know how many times. What's all the infernal din about? Are they going to keep it up much longer?"

A man in a temper like that was not likely, thought I, to be an acquisition to the party; and I would have retreated, closing the door without answering, only that as I stepped backwards he turned round sharply as if impatient for an answer, and looked me full in the face. That active, square-shouldered figure! the weather-beaten face and shaggy hair! the brown eyes with an angry light in them, and the fretful lines in the forehead! Where had I seen them all before?

He did not see me either for the first time, it would seem. The irritation on his face disappeared, and was succeeded almost instantly by a look of mingled recognition and surprise;

and presently a smile passed over his countenance like sunlight chasing a shadow across a field, as he rose and came towards me, holding out his hand, which I took mechanically.

"I know your face so well," said I, "but I can't remember when or how——"

"Where I come from," said he, "we don't stand on ceremony, otherwise I ought not to be in such a hurry to claim acquaintance. We have only met once before; but that is a good deal to a man like me who never sees any but strange faces."

Only a chance acquaintance! No wonder I couldn't even then recall who he was, and yet I remembered his face very well.

"What! have you forgotten the stormy night when you stopped my car on the road to Ardmore, and the queer quarters we got into, and our long talk in the cheerful kitchen?"

"To be sure, to be sure," I cried, and some items of his singular story and strange search began to flash across my memory. "But you gave me the slip the next morning. I felt disappointed the whole day after."

"Did you? When you have become as accustomed to disappointment as I am—but what is all this noise that has been driving me half-wild these two or three hours past?"

"It is a wedding."

"A wedding! Whose wedding?"

"The boots and the book-keeper of this inn."

"Ha, ha! People seem to do nothing but marry in these parts. To-day from the road I saw, a long way off down hill, a crowd wending its way along one of the slopes of the valley. I asked my driver the meaning of it, and he, like you, answered that it was a wedding."

"It was our party that you saw; and now I think of it, your car, as it wound along the road high up among the hills, made some of us equally curious in regard to you. You would have saved three miles by getting down at that point and coming to where we were; and you would have joined a merry party into the bargain. Come and join us now, it will cheer you up."

He waved his hand and shook his head. I never feel so sorry for a man in the dumps as when he is surrounded by gaiety and happiness; so I turned the conversation to a subject which I thought would interest him more.

"How does your affair thrive?" I asked.

"Not to-night, not to-night. We will talk of it to-morrow if you like. Go you back to your friends, and leave me alone. I'm in the humour to be alone. I'm tired out and sleepy, and would have gone to bed an hour ago if I could have got hold of any one to tell me the number of my room, which I have forgotten."

"No. 7," said I, repeating the number I had heard several times in the course of the evening.

"I believe that was it. I suppose I shall find a candle somewhere."

I led the way to the table in the hall where they were kept. His hand trembled as he held the match to the wick.

"Good-night," he said, turning round with his foot on the first stair, and holding out his hand, "good-bye till to-morrow. Very glad to have met you again."

I watched him as he ascended till he disappeared in the turning of the stairs, and then went back to the coffee-room. But the life had gone out of the party. It was as when the sun has long descended behind the horizon, and its parting glow has all but faded. Neither Conn nor the bride were anywhere to be seen. The old women were drawing their hoods over their heads. The men had their hats and short sticks in their hands. Dan and his brothers were bearing trays among the guests, laden with final cups and tumblers of hot punch to keep out the cold night air.

"What! going so soon?"

"So soon!" said Mrs. Ennis, "'tis past eleven, and time for all good people to be in bed."

"Good-night" and "good-night" was now the cry, as the people streamed out of the rarely used door in the coffee-room, which Mrs. Ennis had caused to be opened to save their walking through the house to the main entrance.

"Good-night," repeated Mrs. Ennis many times, "and be careful to pick your way till you reach the road; there are hedges and stones and blocks of wood, and I don't know what else in the way, so be careful."

"Never fear, ma'am."

"Is that you, Michael? How was it you broke down in your song to-night?"

"Ah, I was too shy entirely. But wait till the next time, ma'am."

Next time! How long will it be, I wonder, before Glencoonoge sees such another wedding!

Outside it was frosty. The ground was hard, the sky clear, the stars blinked and twinkled. There was no moon. The footsteps and voices died away, retreating leisurely towards the village. Soon the inn was silent, too, and lights were out; and no sound broke the quiet of the night.

CHAPTER XVI.

AMATEUR DETECTIVES.

It was broad daylight when I awoke next morning, and I jumped up at once, eager to see something more of "No. 7," and not sure but that he might again give me the slip, as on that former occasion when he had aroused my curiosity and expectation, only to disappoint both. On going downstairs I found him standing on the doorstep, looking out upon the radiant morning. The ruddy sun was just appearing large in purple mists; above was a pale, blue sky, flecked with rosy cloudlets. As the sun opened his eye and shot his rays abroad, the bare woods around did not kindle into the harmony of colour with which a few months ago they were wont to respond to his first glance. But the tide, calm and full, reflected in its depths the colours of the sky and clouds on high; the islands on the brimming bay could hardly have looked greener if, instead of January, it had been early spring; and altogether the outlook from the doorstep of "The Harp" had still enchantment left for those who could look upon it with seeing eyes. But that poor wanderer had no attention to spare for anything but the thoughts and plans with which he was pre-occupied—had not even been able to sleep, it seemed. He had been up some hours, and was fuming because he did not find everything he wanted ready at that inhuman time of day.

"I am on the look-out for my jarvey," he grumbled. "The car should have been ready by this. If only the fellow was here, I'd start off at once, and breakfast somewhere on the road."

As he was speaking, Dan came hurrying up out of breath to say that breakfast was ready, and led the way to the library close at hand, the coffee-room being still too disordered to be

used. "No. 7" sat down and began to eat rapidly. I asked whether he was off so soon.

"Yes, I have no time to lose. I am bound for Lisheen. They tell me it is eleven miles off, and that it takes four hours to get there."

"It does by the road, which is hilly and crooked. If you are in a hurry it would be better to take a boat; you can go then straight as the crow flies, across the lake in an hour and a half. If it were not for the inward bend of the bay out there, we could see Lisheen town from where we are."

He was too busy eating to make any answer, but presently he flung down his knife and fork.

"Do you know," he said, "I feel more hopeful this morning and eager to be moving; and chiefly, I think, on account of my having knocked up against you so unexpectedly. It encourages a man to believe that the world is not so large but that the most unlikely meetings may take place in it. What an out-of-the-way corner for you to have got into!"

"It is an old haunt of mine. I like it—perhaps for the reason that it is so out of the way."

"But is there any contact with the outer world? Do you ever get such a thing as a letter or a newspaper?"

"I don't know about newspapers. I believe something of the kind comes by post, but I don't know, really—I never look at such a thing. Letters! oh yes, I find one for me lying on the hall table sometimes, when I come in to luncheon."

"Indeed! Have you one of your letters about you? I should like to look at the envelope."

"Certainly, here is one."

"Thanks. Ha! It is stamped Lisheen, and—what's this? Glen—coon—oge?"

"Yes, Glencoonoge; that's the name of this district. We are so far modernized as to have a post-office at Glencoonoge—worse luck, say I. Between this and Lisheen there is not another, and people living on the way give their letters or their post-bags to the driver of the mail, and he carries them to Lisheen. Rather a primitive method of postage, perhaps, but suited to the character of the place, it always seems to me."

"Post-bags! Are there many country gentlemen living in these wilds?"

"Not many. Some half a dozen families, perhaps, have seats between this and Lisheen. They live mostly in the

pretty parts on the shores of the bay, the mountains behind being so bleak and uninviting. Their houses are picturesque enough, seen from that ruin at the top of the high rock on the island yonder; they are objects in the landscape, but that is about the only use they serve as a rule. Their owners rarely come near them."

"No. 7" looked towards where I had pointed.

"Is that a ruin? I should have said it was a martello tower."

"It is, and something more. It was a small, military *dépôt* once, built after an attempted French invasion, somewhere about a hundred years ago. A garrison led an idle life in it for several years, but the place has long ago been deserted. There is a capital view from the top."

"I should like to go there; will you come with me after breakfast?"

"Certainly, if you are not going to start all at once for Lisheen. I am at your service, heartily."

"The very mention of a ruin wakens up in me some early forgotten feelings. When I was a boy, there was nothing I liked better than a ruin. Many a happy hour I have passed among such, quite content to be alone, if only I had a book of my own choosing. I remember an old castle, in particular, near a place we used to go to every summer. There was a keep, fairly well preserved, and a dry moat, thick with grass. The whole space within the walls was wild, uneven, overgrown with brambles; full of broken columns and archways. In the outer walls were mysterious passages and remnants of worn stairways; and eye-lets through which you got glimpses of a sunny landscape of fields and hedgerows. My book always happened to be an historical romance, and in such surroundings it was more like a vision than a book. The barons breathed and lived again, and so did the ladies at their tapestry, and the rough soldiers that paced the ramparts, and the crowd that issued from the gates for the chase or the fight, and the frightened peasants that hurried in, seeking the shelter of strong walls, and bringing in provisions to stand the siege."

"I am afraid you will be disappointed," said I, "with the poor little tower out yonder; but I am glad to find you more reconciled to your boyish reading than you were."

"Why," he asked, with some astonishment, "what did I say?"

"You had a bad account to give of it. It had been at the

root of everything that was evil in your destiny—lifted you too much above the work-a-day world, caused you to run away from school——”

“Did I tell you all that? Well, I may have been right or wrong. I’m no philosopher, and perhaps a man is not the best judge of the lesson to be drawn from his own experience. In presence of a catastrophe one sometimes says this was the cause, and sometimes that; when perhaps it was neither. Yes, I remember now how dispirited I was that night.”

“You had good reason,” was my answer; and so surely would any man who, having spent the flowering time of his youth and gained fortune, returns home only to find those dead or lost whom he has dreamed of benefiting by his sacrifice and his success.

Jan Harrington rowed us out to the island. The stranger, always impatient to push on, and accustomed to fret in his travels at the slow rate of his car over the mountain roads, was pleased at the rapid movement of the boat. His satisfaction caused him presently to regard with admiration and curiosity our boatman, whose noiselessly dipping oars and long easy strokes made the boat dart through the waters that parted, sparkling, at the prow. I never look myself at Jan’s calm, good-natured, albeit homely face, beaming contentedly, without thinking how happy they are whose lot it is to live and labour in fresh air. His brawny arms, bare to the elbow, his brown face, and neck, and throat, and hairy chest, speak of the strength that comes of many a hard day’s work in the sunshine and the open. Jan could talk when he chose, but he generally left it to others to begin; and, moreover, he liked to take stock of new acquaintance, which he was doing now, though he rarely raised his blue-grey eyes as he rowed, and only then apparently to ascertain his bearings, or glance after the flying curlew as it screeched along the surface of the water. The air was clear, the sun warm for the time of year, and the sky now cloudless.

“Have you lived here all your life?” asked the stranger, addressing the boatman abruptly.

“I was born here, sir,” said Jan, after a pause, “and I have lived here ever since I was born.”

“What does a strong young man like you do wasting his life,” returned the stranger, “among these barren hills? Did you never hear of young countries where you might be your

own master ; where there is good land to be had for the asking, and good living, and plenty of work and good wages for doing it?"

"I've heard tell of such places and many's the fine young lad I've seen bound for them parts, trudging from here to Cork. 'Tis enough to make a man's heart sink, for when he sees the boys going along that road with all they've got in the wide world slung over their shoulders, he knows right well the chances are a hundred agin one he'll never see them no more."

"Of course he won't, and why should he? They do better in the place they go to. You should follow their example."

"Faith, then, I do pretty well where I am, what with looking after Mrs. Ennis's boats and rowing out gentlemen like yourself. And, besides, a man with a wife and children hasn't a right to be trying experiments."

"You are very young to be married."

"I'm thirty next birthday—not a day less, and I'm married these six years. If it weren't for that—that is, if I were a young man again, I sometimes think I'd run the risk and try my fortune over the sea."

"And yet, Jan," I here struck in, "your neighbours think you lucky, and there are plenty who would change places with you willingly."

"That's very true, sir," said Jan. "A man might go farther and fare worse to be sure, and there's many a one does, I'm told. But what harm is there in fancying things sometimes? I like to imagine myself coming home a man like Jemmy Branaghan, who left years ago like those poor lads I was telling you of, with no more money in his pocket and no more larnin' in his head than they; and now back he comes from Queensland with a few odd hundreds saved, and buys up a tidy little farm for himself. He's the exception, I know, but I'd like to be an exception too in that way. You often heard tell of Dunn the beggarman, sir?"

"Dunn, the beggarman! I remember him very well," said I; "an old man that used to go about the country picking up what he could from passers-by and getting his night's shelter at one cabin or another on his way."

"The very man, sir. Well, his brother was another exception. 'Twas only this summer gone by, that myself and three or four other boys were sitting one evening on the rocks by the boat-house, thinking may be some of the gentlemen or ladies staying at 'The Harp' might like to go out on the water after

their dinner. But none came with us that night, though they did be walking up and down the road in twos and parties, as long as there was any light at all, and after. There was one though, a gentleman you might take him to be, for no gentleman there was better dressed, and some of them not so well. And he comes to where we were sitting, and down he sits among us, and begins asking about this one and that one—mostly poor people living about here years ago, but dead or gone by this. We told him all we knew, and all the while we were casting about in our minds thinking of all the people we had ever known or heard of, to find out who he could be, at all at all. At last he says, 'Did you ever hear of any one in these parts called Dunn the beggarman?' 'Dunn the beggarman!' says we; 'sure wasn't he the life and soul of many a fireside! wasn't he always welcome wherever he came, for he had the news of all the country round, and the best of jokes and stories!' To be sure we knew Dunn the beggarman, and we all said we did in the same breath. 'Then,' says he, 'I'm his brother.' Now wasn't that very surprising?"

"Well," asked the stranger, interested, "and then——?"

"Well, then, he'd have us tell him where he was to be found. But that none of us could do, for there was no telling where Dunn the beggarman might be at any time, and nothing about him was certain sure, but that he'd be back again sooner or later. So as the younger brother couldn't wait, he left a letter for the beggarman at 'The Harp,' to be given him next time he should come round. And when Dunn the beggarman opened the letter, out there dropped a five pound note, and an offer to bring him out to America into the bargain if he'd like to come. He went sure enough, and he's there this minute rolling in wealth, and there was an end to Dunn the beggarman. Sure 'tis hearing things like that," moralized Jan as he shipped his oars and the boat bumped against the landing-place, "that makes a man want to try his luck. Now, gentlemen, if 'tis the tower you'd be after seeing, this is where you land. You go up by that path, and they'll give you the key at the cottage you'll pass."

This was Jan's good-natured way of doing a "turn" for the family at the cottage, of which "the key" was the mainstay. In the summer-time one or other of the children regularly mounted guard at the cottage door, and as soon as he saw strangers coming up the hill, would run up higher still, bearing a conspicuous key to open the door with "for the quality," who

on reaching the said door would find it wide open, with Johnny and his key beside it. At this time of year no visitors were expected, and no sentry was on guard; so we had to open the door for ourselves, a feat which we performed without any difficulty, there having been no lock for many years; before very long there will probably be no door, as it has worn out its rusty hinges by flapping to and fro in the wind during a long period.

The history of the fortress was too recent to have had for the stranger any of the kind of interest which, as he said, ordinarily attached in his mind to ruins. He passed without comment the traces of the daily life of the unemployed soldiers who had wasted here a few tedious years—the rooms now roofless in which they had lived, the broken ovens where they had cooked their food, the smoke of the ancient fires which still blackened the chimney walls. Mounting higher we startled here and there a seagull which had built its nest in some cranny of the rampart or of the cliff beneath it, and came at last to the top of the tower upon which guns had formerly been perched to judge from the circular iron rails half torn up, which still remained. It was from this summit that the view was to be had—of land well wooded near the water's edge, and rising to great bare heights as it receded; of the inn towards the north lying at the foot of high hills rising steeply behind it, and of the mansions which at irregular intervals studded the eastern shore. The stranger swept the view from north to south in a rapid glance and had evidently not lost his bearings.

"Out yonder do you say is Lisheen?" he inquired.

"Yes, but you cannot see it from here, it is too much in a corner. That distant house on the southern coast is about a mile from the town."

"And who lives in it?"

"A caretaker only. It belongs to the Earl of Lisheen, but he does not set foot in it they say from one year's end to another. He is a very old man and never stirs from his seat at Killany Abbey, about forty miles off."

"And that house nearer, of which we can only see the upper part, whose is that?"

"That is Claddah House; it belongs to a certain Major Roberts; nearer still you get a glimpse of Islay House in the property of Mr. Browne, a Cork butter merchant. These gentlemen rarely live there; but they are willing to let their

places to an eligible tenant. I rented Claddah House myself for a few months some years ago. It was very dull. All these places are so isolated. That opposite to us," I continued, "is Glencoonoge Castle; and now I think you have the neighbourhood almost by heart."

"Who lives at the Castle?"

"My friend The O'Doherty, the head of a very ancient family. He is the direct representative and retains the title of the chieftains who once ruled over the whole of this district; a thorough specimen of a good-natured, hot-headed Irish squire. He generally lives here, but just at present he is away like the rest of them. They say, though, that now that he is married at last, he and his family may be expected at any time."

"Indeed."

"Yes—rather a curious thing; in fact, a most romantic affair. He has married his daughter's governess, a young lady highly accomplished according to all accounts, and gifted with extraordinary powers of fascination: she first succeeded in winning the affections of the children, and then captivated their father."

The stranger listened, regarding me with a peculiarly interested look, and it was not for nearly a minute after I had ceased, stopped partly by his strange scrutiny, that he withdrew his eyes from my face and fixed them on the Castle.

"Is he old, this Mr. O'Doherty?"

"Yes. Not far from fifty, I should say."

"Humph! not so very old. Of good family?"

"Excellent, as I have told you. They have lived here—I don't know how many hundreds of years."

"Rich?"

"A fairly good rent-roll, nominally at least. But I believe his affairs, like those of many of the Irish gentry, are much involved."

"Not a bad match on the whole for Miss——?"

"Miss Tresillian? By no means. I think she has been very lucky. She is considered so, generally."

"And when do you say they come back?"

"Soon, I believe; but I don't know when."

"I wonder where they are?"

"They were in Paris; where they are now is more than I can tell you. But why are you so excited?"

"Ah, why indeed! I have felt often before as if I was on the right track at last, and have found myself at fault. You know why it is that I am wandering a homeless, friendless man about the earth. My God! Is it a judgment that fills me with false hopes and makes me frantically pursue shadows! During all the years of degradation and failure, in which I despaired and hid my shame from my belongings, willing that they should think me dead, I little thought of the sufferings I was inflicting, or of the punishment I was preparing for myself. I told you, did I not, that at last, partly successful and with the prospect of wealth expanding before me, I sought my home and found it empty?"

"Yes, and how you learned from the clergyman of your parish that your parents were dead, and your sister had disappeared, no one knew whither. I was thinking last night of our meeting at Rathleek, and bit by bit your story came back to me. You thought at that time you had a clue to your sister."

"It was another Will-o'-the-Wisp, and not the last that I followed in that journey. At length I went back to London; and the first thing I did was to call on Miss Walsingham to see if she had any news for me. She had been hourly expecting me, she said, for many weeks past. My first visit had probably taken her by surprise; in the meantime she had been thinking matters over, and preparing herself for my return. She inquired eagerly as to what I had done in the interval, and then launched with gusto into an account of the later history of my family, furnishing me with fuller details than before, and quoting at length her own comments at every stage of its development. In spite of this tendency, and of her repeated insinuations that all the trouble arose out of the persistent way in which her advice had been disregarded, I think she must have been attached to my people after her fashion. She spoke with respect of their former standing, and represented herself as having been of great use, after my mother's death, to my sister, whom she described as a girl of excellent, indeed of noble qualities, but too proud. Miss Walsingham had for many years been trying to suit herself with a companion, always unsuccessfully, and she offered the post to my sister, who in her bereavement and poverty at once accepted it. 'Of course,' said Miss Walsingham, 'it was difficult for a girl who had hitherto had so much of her own way, to accommodate herself to her new position. I could see, notwithstanding all my kindness, that

she was not happy ; and if by any chance I happened to say "Janet, my dear, is there no one on whom you could call and take tea with? because such and such a one is coming to spend the evening with me, and I don't know otherwise what you are to do, unless you have your tea in the kitchen,"—she would cry for a week, as I could tell by her red eyes. Tea in the kitchen, indeed!' continued Miss Walsingham. 'I should have no objection to tea in the kitchen, myself, if I couldn't get it anywhere else, and be glad of it, too. But no! somehow we couldn't hit it off. Janet grew silent and incommunicative. I would find her at one time poring over the advertisement-sheet of the newspaper; at another, locked up in her room writing letters; and I would have to speak very sharply, and to knock five or six times before she would open the door. I believe she used to have her letters sent to a post office; none ever came here for her. Oh, that pride! that dreadful pride that would not let her friend be her mistress, or her mistress her friend! She gradually withdrew her confidence and her affection. She gave me notice that she was about to leave me, and asked for a written testimonial as to her respectability and capacity. I could speak in the highest terms of both; and I did so. But even then she would not tell me what her plans were, nor have I ever been applied to respecting her. However, as I told you when you were here last, a little more than a year ago I received a letter from her. I could not then lay my hand on it, but have since found it, and here it is. I was glad to get it, for I felt hurt at the way in which I had been treated; and though she is too proud to own as fully as she ought, that she had behaved badly, the letter shows, I think, that absence had made the heart grow fonder to one who had been kind in her necessity.'

"That, in short, was what I got from Miss Walsingham," continued my companion. "She succeeded in raising before my mind a vivid picture of my poor sister, brought up in comparative seclusion and amongst refined surroundings, without a thought of having to fight the battle of life for herself, and exposed like some tender opening flower to the coldness of an unfriendly world. I left Miss Walsingham with the certainty that humiliation, heartburnings, and regrets were my sister's portion; and with the desire intensified a hundred-fold to find and shelter her. But the only thing I have to help me, the only clue, is this year-old letter."

He had taken from his breast-pocket some papers, and picking out one from among them, shook it above his head as he uttered the last words, and handed it to me.

"Did Miss Walsingham never answer the letter? Was there no further correspondence?" I asked eagerly.

"Read," he answered, pointing wearily to the letter, "read it and you will see," and turning away he leaned upon the parapet of the tower and looked across the blue water to Glencoogoe Castle on the shore. "Can it be possible!" I heard him mutter, hardly above his breath, as I began to read the following:

Dear Miss Walsingham,—I have more than once taken pen in hand to write to you, and have as often laid it down, feeling that in all probability you care little what has become of me. Yet in spite of that reflection which is strong upon me at this moment, I am impelled to try once more, urged by an impression, which has been growing on me latterly, that my disappearance, unaccompanied by any word or sign, may be variously construed—perhaps even to the detriment of my character. A certain disquiet of conscience, too, pricks me with doubts that I may have been unjust to you, and that loneliness and grief may have made me formerly too sensitive and unreasonable in my notions of what was due to one who had come down in the world. I write, therefore, in a spirit of good-will, and that you and any it concerns may know that I am safe and well. I hope I am at last settled; and at least I am happier than I have been since my mother's death. You used to accuse me of being too proud. Perhaps you were right; but I think some pride has left me, for I can tell you without wincing that I am in a situation, and that my services are repaid by a salary which is moderate enough, yet sufficient for my wants. I don't know when I have had so quiet a mind. I am only disturbed when I look back, and particularly when I remember in what straits my mother and I were after my father's death three years ago. You knew—and I resented your knowing it—of the smallness of my mother's annuity and of our struggle to keep up appearances. Why did we do it? I often ask myself. Why did we lop, and pare, and manage, and eat sparingly. Was it that we might preserve our friends? Where were the fruits then, and how many friends had I, when I was left alone in the world? You were one, indeed—I may say the only one. Was it that I might make a good match? I hate to be forced to see, as I do see plainly now, that in no other way was there an escape from our difficulties. What a position! I pray God if ever I marry a man it may be because I love him, and not because I have no other means of livelihood.

Thoughts of those days recur to me constantly. I long to be free of them, and feel as if they and my misgivings may be laid to rest when once this letter is despatched. My life is otherwise tranquil. It is so much easier to submit oneself among strangers, nor do I find that

subordination has left me without the spirit to exercise control. Never surely did a penniless girl bow before authority that galls so little as that which I acknowledge; never was obedience rendered with more docility than it is to me.

This letter will reach your hands I know; for in a London paper, only a few days old, I have seen your (to me) well-known name and address, as secretary to a newly started charity. I beg you to accept these lines in the spirit in which they are written, and not to misinterpret them. I write with no ulterior motive—therefore you find no address upon this letter—therefore I do not tell you the assumed name by which I am known. Raised above anxiety and want, I begin to know what contentment is; and every day brings with it an increase of calm happiness of which it would be easy for old friends to deprive me by looks, or words, or letters, in which there was anything of coldness, or pity, or patronage. The last thing I wish is any invasion of my peace, which something tells me will be more assured, now that I renounce the resentment towards you which from time to time has rankled in my breast, by subscribing myself once more,

Your affectionate friend,

JANET CHALMERS.

As the writer had said, there was no address in the letter; but the envelope bore a particularly clear imprint of the Lisheen post-mark.

"Have you seen this?" I asked my companion, who had turned his back upon Glencoonoge Castle and now had his eyes fixed on my face.

"That!" he cried. "What else do you think is taking me to Lisheen? That mark has been the beacon towards which train and boat and car have hurried me over the hundreds of miles that lay between me and this place. What do you think? It is not much perhaps, but does not that letter warrant the belief that within little more than twelve months my sister was not many miles away from this spot where we are standing?" He looked around as he spoke, and his eyes rested once more on the Castle. Mine followed his. I felt that the same thought was in both our minds, and the exclamation escaped me unawares:

"The governess!"

"Aye," he said, "tell me about her again."

I told him all I knew, and as I spoke grew more certain every minute that the governess and the writer of the letter were one and the same person. "Tresillian" naturally was the assumed name referred to in the letter. Letters from the Castle

are sent by post-bag to Lisheen, and would bear only the Lisheen post-mark. We agreed, too, that the "control" spoken of referred unmistakeably to the children under her charge whose hearts she had won; and that the allusion to "authority" had in it a mingled reverence and affection.

"And well it may," said I, "for The O'Doherty, though no longer young, and somewhat choleric, is just the warm-hearted generous man to win the love of a girl smarting from unkindness."

"Who can tell me something more about her?"

"No one probably as much as the housekeeper at the Castle. Only remember, her account may be biassed, for she is not pleased at the marriage. From the death of her former mistress till now, she has exercised a mild rule there in household matters. Like a sensible old lady she foresees that her reign is over; that a new wife, young, clever, and with ideas of her own, will rule the roast."

"Whatever her feelings may be, she is likely to be possessed of the information I want."

"And will give it you, no doubt, if you tip her handsomely."

"Exactly. Let us go," and he led the way downwards to the boat where Jan, grown hungry, was impatiently awaiting us, as it was past his dinner-time.

We were descending the last slope when my companion, who had not broken silence once all the way down, stood still and said, "We must be careful not to set gossip at work. I may have struck oil here. If this girl is really my sister, it may not please her to have her family history known. It might make her position difficult with these people; weaken her authority, lessen their respect. I shall be wary, in questioning, to place her at no disadvantage. And that can only be done by silence regarding our history. And you, will you consider all that I have said, and that letter too, as strictly confidential?"

I assured him he might consider his story as private with me as if he had never told it. And I may here remark once for all, that in saying this I made no idle promise, and that by not the most distant hint, not even by the mention of his name, did any but one ever receive enlightenment on the subject from *my* lips.

Reviews.

I.—IRELAND'S ANCIENT SCHOOLS AND SCHOLARS.¹

THE ancient monastic schools of Ireland, though the fame of their learning is familiar to all who are interested in antiquarian research, have up to the present time been almost unknown to the ordinary reader. In the ecclesiastical histories of Ireland some notice of them may be found, and there are monographs dealing with individual schools, like Canon Monaghan's *Annals of Clonmacnoise*. But the absence of any systematic account even of the most remarkable of these homes of learning, of their founders, their history, and their chief disciples, has been felt to be a sad gap in Irish literature. This want has at length been filled by a book which will henceforward form the "classical" work on the ancient schools of Ireland. Dr. Healy, the Coadjutor Bishop of Clonfert, has published a volume which proves that the modern Bishops of Ireland are not unworthy of the ancient renown of their predecessors. With a literary skill and an indefatigable research that we cannot sufficiently praise, he has brought together in a large and handsome volume an account complete, as far as his space allowed, of all the celebrated schools and scholars of Ireland from the days of St. Patrick to the time of the Anglo-Norman invasion.

It is no dry record of facts thrown together by an annalist that he presents to us. His work, while it is learned and comprehensive, is also essentially popular. The style is most interesting, and the book requires no special knowledge on the part of the reader to recommend it. It is a model of a history intended for general reading. Anecdotes and the personal history of individuals are mingled with the detail of historical facts, so as neither to weary the reader with a mere series of events, nor to lead him aside into the record of individual

¹ *Ireland's Ancient Schools and Scholars*. By the Most Rev. John Healy, D.D., L.L.D., Coadjutor Bishop of Clonfert. Dublin: Sealy, Bryers, and Walker.

lives so as to lose sight of the main object of the book. It is, we imagine, on account of the book being essentially popular, that Dr. Healy gives few references to his authorities. The antiquarians will probably quarrel with him for this, but the general reader does not want to have his attention drawn aside by copious references and quotations, which give a show of learning, but do not always carry with them a very real or substantial erudition. The "fallacy of references" is one that has led many an historian as well as many a theological student astray.

It is impossible in a short review to give anything like a sufficient account even of the contents of Dr. Healy's work. He begins from the very beginning, and briefly treats of the state of learning in Ireland before St. Patrick, of the Brehon Laws, of the Druids, the Bards, of the pagan Cormac MacArt, king, poet, sage, scholar, and warrior, and of the poet Sedulius, who has been called the Christian Virgil. We pass over the life of St. Patrick, as it has been often treated elsewhere, merely calling the reader's attention to the strange preparation for Christianity that seems to have been going on in pagan Ireland through the instrumentality of the Brehons and their laws, which enabled the Saint to adopt these laws, with comparatively little change, as the basis of his legislation. St. Patrick formed the earliest Irish schools. The monastery at Sletty was begun by his disciple, St. Fiacc; and St. Benignus, the boy who scattered flowers on the Saint when asleep, and insisted on leaving his father's house to follow him, was the first president of the oldest school that Ireland can boast, the school of Armagh. From Armagh Dr. Healy passes naturally on to Kildare, where St. Brigid, like St. Teresa, was employed by Almighty God to establish convents for men as well as women; and from Kildare we come to Clonmacnoise, and Kiaran; Glendalough, and St. Kerin; Iona, and St. Columbkille, and the Columbian schools; Lismore, and St. Carthage, and St. Cataldus, not to mention a number of minor schools: Emly, Clonard, Clonfert, and many others beside. All these Dr. Healy graphically describes, their founders, their leading features, their antiquities, their most distinguished scholars. Most of them he seems to have himself visited, and for this reason is able to throw an additional interest into his descriptions of them. Of one spot, Glendalough, he gives an account which scarcely does justice to the present architectural condition of its anti-

quities. The labours of the Board of Works some twenty years since have restored the ruins to a far more satisfactory state than at the time when Dr. Healy formed acquaintance with them. He speaks, for instance, of the Round tower as lacking its conical summit long since replaced, and of the Priory of St. Saviour as "almost a heap of ruins," whereas at the present time it has been restored as far as skill and patience could restore it.

We cannot attempt to follow Dr. Healy through the schools of Desmond and Thomond or the later schools of Mayo and Tuam, or to do more than just mention the Gædhlic schools, of which he gives a succinct account, or the Celtic art, on which he has a very interesting chapter, or the Irish scholars abroad, St. Virgil, Sedulius, and John Scotus Erigena. We hope that we have said enough to lead our readers to embark on the study of this most valuable and interesting volume, though we have not said half enough in its praise, when we reflect on the years of patient toil and research that these six hundred pages and more must have cost their author, or the vast learning therein contained, or the literary ability which will recommend the book to every reader.

2.—PAPEŠ ET TSARS.¹

Father Paul Pierling, who is already well-known by his work on Rome and Demetrius (*Dmitri*), and has done good service by clearing the Jesuits from the charge of complicity in the death of the true Demetrius, and of concocting a plot with the false Demetrius for the purpose of bringing over Russia to the Latin faith, has during the last twelve years thrown much light upon obscure passages of history regarding the relations of Rome, Poland, and Moscow at various times during the sixteenth century. Having been enabled in 1878 by his researches amongst the archives of Prince Borghese to rewrite the history of the mysterious adventurer who was for a moment "emperor" of Moscow, he was led in 1880 to extend their object, and favoured by fortune he discovered in the archives of Propaganda the hitherto unknown letters of Father Possevin, besides a multitude of other documents there and in the Vatican, and

¹ *Papes et Tsars* (1547—1597). D'après des documents nouveaux. Par le P. Pierling, S.J. Paris: Retaux-Bray, 1890.

in the archives of Venice, Florence, and Milan, amongst which we may especially name the letters of the Cardinal of Como, Secretary of State to Gregory the Thirteenth. From these and similar materials furnished by learned friends in all parts of Europe, Father Pierling in the work before us has reconstructed the history of the various negotiations carried on between the Vatican and Moscow during the latter half of the sixteenth century.

On the one hand, this space covers the period of the Popes from Paul the Third to Urban the Seventh, though the principal figures are the great Pontiffs, St. Pius the Fifth, Gregory the Thirteenth, and Sixtus the Fifth, whose reigns comprise more than half the time. On the other, we have those remarkable personages, Stephen Batory of Poland and Ivan the Fourth or the Terrible at Moscow; and among a number of smaller men whose names are scarcely known to history stands out the chief intermediary, Father Possevin. But the true interest of the investigation of this by-path of history lies in the light thrown upon the consistent policy of the Popes in their dealings with the East. No point stands out more clearly than that the tradition of centuries was a living and energizing force—the tradition, namely, of zeal and hostility against the Turkish power. The destruction of Islam meant safety for Christendom. The Ottoman power had at least to be arrested in its too long victorious course, or Christendom must fall under the anti-Christian yoke. Meantime Christendom itself was torn with dissension. Half of it had become Protestant. England, France, and Germany could not be expected to help the Church or any Catholic power even against the common enemy. Spain, Venice, and Austria were true, but cowardice and jealousy too often weakened when they did not break up the combination. The Popes then naturally sought to enlist the Muscovite power in the Christian cause, and the effort might subserve another object which the Popes in virtue of their Divine Mission necessarily believed themselves bound to work for—the re-establishment of primitive unity between East and West. Strongly in contrast with these endeavours of Rome was the spirit of the Russian power. The Council of Florence had been repudiated at Moscow as a dangerous innovation. Aversion to the Latins was continually on the increase. From the time that Constantinople had been taken by the Turks (1453), the Russians had come to cherish the notion of being the sole legitimate

representatives of true Christianity, though, in fact, the very idea of the Church was growing dim under the encroachments of the temporal power. The Czars never proved themselves responsive to any purely religious proposals. Ignorance, prejudice, and satisfaction with an existing routine which never thwarted their power, rendered them deaf to the overtures of Rome. In this matter the one commendable point was their sincerity. But with regard to the more political question of the Turks, whilst they were quite willing to pose as champions of Christendom, and to declare themselves ready to march against the Turks, their warlike ardour expended itself in words. They preferred in reality to remain friends with a powerful neighbour, and leave to others the honour of defending Christianity.

But the attitude of the Czars was not the only difficulty with which Roman diplomacy had to count. It might be thought that so loyally Catholic a power as Poland would be sure to side uniformly with Rome and labour to bring about reunion. Good intentions there may have been, but they were neutralized by political complications, national rivalries between powerful and aggressive neighbours, and fears on the part of Poland that the astute diplomatists of the Kremlin would overreach the envoys of Rome, and only enter into their views so far as might serve their own interests against a power some of whose provinces were already a coveted object.

At the middle of the sixteenth century occurred the strange episode of the envoy Schlitte, a man taken by some to be a mere adventurer, by others to be truly an envoy from Ivan sent in all sincerity with a view to a religious peace which Polish susceptibilities rendered abortive. But Father Pierling has made it clear from documents recently unearthed at Copenhagen that the former appreciation is nearer the truth. Schlitte had been sent, indeed, by Ivan into Germany for the definite purpose of engaging artisans to be employed in Moscow; but he chose to enlarge the scope of his mission without the knowledge of his master, and there is good ground for suspecting his sincerity, as his language and actions imply at least a strong leaning to the then novel doctrines of Protestantism.

After 1561, Pius the Fourth, St. Pius the Fifth, and Gregory the Thirteenth no less than five times sent agents to the Kremlin, but the missions failed, though not because Ivan rejected their proposals. They were never made. For Sigismund Augustus, Maximilian the Second, and even Stephen Batory each in his

turn, managed to raise insurmountable obstacles in the path of the Papal envoys so that they did not reach Moscow. Father Pierling's researches have thrown much light upon these misadventures. Canobio has been identified, Giraldi has been stripped of disguises which he did not himself assume, and the mission of Portico becomes at least intelligible when we have before us the instructions of St. Pius the Fifth to the Polish Nuncio and the diplomatic correspondence of the interested parties. Hitherto the failure of Clenke's mission had been accounted for by various gratuitous hypotheses; we now know from an authentic document in the Vatican Archives that he was stopped by Maximilian the Second. Another mission in 1579, and one of special importance as occurring in the reign of Batory, remained wholly unknown, but is now revealed in full detail by the discovery of the correspondence of Gregory the Thirteenth's Secretary with the Nuncio in Poland. Batory followed the traditions of his predecessors, and frustrated the intentions of the Holy See.

But by far the most important mission was that of Father Possevin, sent by Gregory the Thirteenth (1580—1582) to Moscow, a mission hitherto judged upon insufficient evidence. The State Archives of Venice have now proved to be a mine rich in information, which gives the mission its true magnitude and importance; the discoveries of M. Ouspenski, the learned Professor at Odessa, put us in possession of the instructions of Ivan to his ambassadors and their reports to him; and, above all, the Vatican Archives have furnished our author with more precious, because less artificial documents, contained in several large volumes of correspondence between Possevin himself and the Cardinal of Como. Possevin remains justified, and the ultimate failure is traced beyond dispute to the ambitious political projects of Batory. Finally, the negotiations under Clement the Eighth (1595—1597) carried on by the intrepid Alexander Komulovic are partially brought to light. They also, according to the documents discovered at Ragusa by Father Budinic, came to nought.

Rome throughout had laboured with a single eye to the defence of Christendom and the reunion of the Churches. Russia seems never to have risen above questions of policy, the affairs of Poland and relations with Western Powers. Poland itself, whilst sympathizing with the Popes, could not forget its own temporal interests and aggrandizement.

The patient labours and fortunate researches of Father Pierling have succeeded in laying before our eyes a very interesting contribution to ecclesiastical history in one of its by-paths inaccessible to any who have not his knowledge of Slavonic languages.

3.—THE PASSION PLAY AT OBER AMMERGAU.¹

The account of the Passion Play was written, as Dr. Molloy tells us in his Preface, after the author had witnessed the play for the first time in 1871. But it is still the same in almost every detail. The only changes that have been introduced are those occasioned by the deaths or infirmities of the actors. Josef Maier is acting Christ for the third time. The character of Judas Iscariot, which was acted by Gregor Lechner on former occasions, has been undertaken by Josef Zwink, as Lechner has grown old and feeble. Other changes are also mentioned. But the greatest loss the play has sustained has been through the death of the venerable parish priest, who died in 1883, aged eighty-five, and who was for thirty years its chief director.

The history of the play is as thus : In the earlier part of the seventeenth century a terrible pestilence swept through the valley. The inhabitants of the village took great precautions to keep the plague without their own territories, but one of them, who had been working in the infected regions, returned at night by a secret path, and brought the infection with him. In two days he was dead. In three weeks one-fourth of the inhabitants were laid in their graves. The survivors made a vow that if God would arrest the progress of the pestilence, they would perform every ten years a solemn representation of the Sacred Passion and Death of our Lord. The plague stopped immediately, and the play has been acted ever since without interruption, although its continuance has more than once been threatened.

Dr. Molloy's work will be invaluable to any one who takes it with him to Ober Ammergau. There is much about the history of the play, much about the place and its surroundings, and finally, some practical information which will be very welcome to tourists, for the accommodation in a highland village must

¹ *The Passion Play at Ober Ammergau.* By Gerald Molloy, D.D. London : Burns and Oates, Limited.

necessarily be restricted when visited, once in ten years, by an enormous throng of visitors. The inhabitants themselves, however, are very courteous and hospitable. They could demand very high prices for lodgings, but they do not do so. They seem not to care for money. The play, for them, is a great religious ceremony, and it must not be profaned by money-making. Its performance occupies their thoughts so completely that their life in this quiet and secluded valley is completely coloured by it, and they are said to be as devoutly pious as a body of contemplative religious.

This year, we are afraid, a new feature will be introduced which will somewhat change the above description of ten years ago. We hear that hotels and lodging-houses have fallen into the hands of the Jews, who have taken the opportunity of this representation of their apostacy to fleece the Gentile, the successor to their birthright, and that prices this year are extravagantly high.

The play is acted twice a week during the season, that is, from the 18th of May until October. It consists of seventeen acts, between which are *tableaux vivants* and songs, and sometimes monologue from the chorus, whose office it is to explain the tableau and to express, in beautiful and touching poetry, the sentiments which may be supposed to occupy the breast of the spectator; an office, as Dr. Molloy observes, exactly the same as that performed by the chorus in the plays of ancient Greece. And yet, curiously enough, there is reason to believe that this feature in the Passion Play is not the result of any conscious imitation, but has been developed rather in course of time by the exigencies of the performance and the dramatic taste of the highland peasantry.

The greater part of the book is an account of the action of the play. The following short extract will give our readers an idea of the general style :

A change of scene now brings us to the open country. Judas is there alone. He cannot venture to approach his Divine Master again; he has been ignominiously spurned by the Chief Priests; he has no friend to comfort him; he is alone with his guilty conscience, the very picture of despair. As he wanders restlessly about, his wild ravings fall distinctly on the ear, in the perfect stillness that now prevails throughout the audience, and bring out with great force the significance of the Gospel declaration, that Satan had entered into his soul. Again and again he groans under the torture he is suffering, and repeats the

words, "For me there is no hope, no pardon, no redemption." A tree in the distance attracts his notice; he comes nearer to it; glances uneasily upwards; pauses for a moment, as if to reflect; then, in an agony that pierces the heart, exclaims, "I can no longer endure this anguish;" and, as the curtain falls, he is seen in the act of loosening his girdle to make the fatal noose. (pp. 69, 70.)

Dr. Molloy's power of simple, yet vivid description adds very much to the interest we take in reading his account of this wonderful drama, the last that remains to us of the old miracle plays. He completely disabuses the reader of the idea that it would awake in cultivated minds thoughts savouring of grotesqueness or impropriety. To see the play once is to remember it for ever, and always with profit.

4.—LIFE OF FATHER CHARLES SIRE, S.J.¹

This interesting biography was published, the Preface informs us, fourteen years after the subject of it breathed his last, in compliance with the numerous and reiterated requests, not only of those who were witness of his saintly and edifying life, but of others who had ventured to invoke him after his holy death, and whose faith was rewarded by obtaining remarkable favours through his intercession. Fourteen more years have elapsed before a translation of the original memoir has appeared. We rejoice that at length the English-speaking reader is placed in possession of the record of a life which has been termed a copy of or companion-picture to that of St. John Berchmans, a life of so few years, and such great perfection.

Charles Sire was one of a family of saints. His father's aunt died in the odour of sanctity, at an advanced age, and his mother's relatives afforded illustrious examples of virtue. He was born in a village near Toulouse, on December 21, 1828, and was one of ten children. The fact that out of this number seven sons became priests, testifies to the piety of his parents, and to the pains they took to train their children from their earliest years in the love and fear of God. Charles was distinguished beyond his brothers by the candour and innocence of his character, his modesty and good behaviour, his fidelity to

¹ *Life of Father Charles Sire, S.J.* A simple biography compiled from his writings and the testimony of those who have known him best. By his brother, Rev. Vital Sire. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers, 1890.

grace, his tender love and devotion to Jesus and Mary. A friend of the family used often to exclaim on observing the boy: "What a privileged child! What a beautiful soul! Some day he will become a great saint!"

At catechism, as at school, his application and study entitled him to a place in the foremost ranks. It is even related of him that when but ten years of age, in a protracted public examination, he answered so well all the questions put to him in catechism, that his astonished pastor said with a smile, "Sit down, my child, you know as much about it as I do." (p. 22.)

It soon became apparent that the boy was called to the life of perfection. At the age of eleven, by his eager desire, he was placed in the Preparatory Seminary at Polignan, where one of his brothers was Professor. During the seven years that he remained there he studied diligently, and always in the sole view of pleasing God and qualifying himself for his future work, that of saving souls. His conduct in the house was exemplary, and won for him the love and admiration of his teachers and fellow-scholars; his regular, edifying life, his implicit obedience, his renunciation of his own will, caused him to grow in grace with God and men. Great was the regret felt when, at the end of his Rhetoric course, he left the Preparatory Seminary, to enter, some months later, the Theological Seminary at Toulouse. Charles had now but one desire, that of becoming a good priest, and in preparation for that high dignity, to become a faithful, pious seminarist. To this end he consecrated himself afresh to the Blessed Virgin, begging of her the grace of perseverance, and he determined, in imitation of St. John Berchmans, that the ordinary life should be his penance. "He kept the rule perfectly," says a fellow-student, "with all simplicity, without constraint, without apparent effort." There was nothing strained or exaggerated about his piety, it was the spontaneous outcome of a soul actuated purely by charity. When he rebuked his brethren, as he did not hesitate to do when occasion required, he did it with such tact and gentleness that no one was wounded; on the contrary, they loved and respected him the more for his fraternal corrections, and felt, in his presence, as if virtue emanated from his person.

After receiving the tonsure in 1849, his zeal redoubled, he determined to act henceforth only from supernatural motives, and completely to follow the guidance of grace.

"I saw much of him at this time," says one of his fellow-students, "and I never knew him to infringe the least part of the rule; nor did I ever hear him criticize the conduct or judgment of his Superiors; never did he offend against mortification; never complain of our fare, of the heat, the cold, the length of study-hours, the shortness of recreation; in a word, I never knew him to be guilty of the least fault, but on the contrary, everything I saw and heard of him then confirms my belief of his extraordinary sanctity, proclaimed by voices innumerable since his death." (p. 79.)

In September of the next year, at the conclusion of a retreat, Charles determined to seek admission into the Society of Jesus, for which he had long felt a strong attraction. In the following month, having obtained the consent of his parents, he entered the Novitiate at Toulouse.

From the very outset, his fervour and generosity were such as to prove that his vocation was a true one. His love of the religious life, his thirst for perfection increased daily. His tender devotion to the Mother of God, his exactness in observing all points, however minute, of exterior discipline, his cheerful performance of the humblest duties edified all.

One of the Brothers, who was undergoing his probation at the same time as Charles, and who left the Novitiate precisely because he could not stand these trials, thus recounts the admirable manner in which Charles bore them.

"One day, as he was blacking his boots, I picked up the brush to perform the same office for myself, but my manner showed plainly that it was most distasteful work. 'Courage, Brother, courage!' said he, 'we must pay attention to our feet no less than to the rest of our being—even more. Bethink yourself that your feet are those of a missionary!' then he quoted the text, *Quam pulchri pedes*—'How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the Gospel of peace.' I could not refrain from saying, 'Oh, tell me your secret, that secret which makes you so happy amidst those vile employments that exasperate me! I have seen you contentedly cleaning the lamps, dressed in a greasy old cassock, and your fingers full of oil. If they were to put me at anything like that I couldn't stand it!' 'You astonish me,' he replied, 'the *experiment* of the lamps pleases me better than any other. *Unxit me Deus meus oleo lætitiæ*—"My God hath anointed me with the oil of gladness." Whilst thus employed I think of all the symbolism of oil; I meditate, work, and pray at the same time, behold the secret of my joyfulness.'" (p. 128.)

At the conclusion of the Novitiate, he was removed to the College of La Grande Sauve, near Bordeaux, where he remained

seven years. "By turns professor, sub-prefect, vigilant, assistant to the procurator of the Prefect of Discipline," he acquitted himself of these various employments with conscientious care and fidelity. His pupils were devoted to him, they always spoke of him as "the good Father." In September, 1859, he was sent to finish his ecclesiastical studies at Vals, and to prepare for ordination, which he received two years later.

The study of Latin, of philosophy, and theology offered great difficulty to Charles, who had more zeal than talent, but with extreme application and effort he got through them successfully. The good he affected at Vals by his example, his conversation, and his prayers was incalculable. As if he had a presentiment that the time was short, and that in less than a year after his ordination, the night would close in upon him wherein no more work would be done, he was most assiduous to benefit his parents, relatives, and companions by obtaining for them spiritual favours through his prayers and good works. It would be impossible to enumerate all he did in the course of his life, converting one, sanctifying another, endeavouring to bring all to the practice of the highest virtue. The apostolate to which his Superiors destined him was not, however, to be exercised at home; he was appointed to foreign missions. After a touching farewell to his parents, he set sail, November 28, 1861, for the Isle of Bourbon, where he was to prepare for the Madagascar Mission. Three months after his arrival, he fell seriously ill, and although he rallied for about a month, he soon had a relapse, and his health being completely wrecked, the doctors decided that there was no hope of recovery for him if he remained in the climate of Bourbon, and that he ought to return as quickly as possible to France, this being the only hope of saving his life. Father Sire was strongly opposed to this decision, but his Superior pronounced in favour of his departure, and he could only obey. What a sacrifice for the young missionary to leave the land where he had hoped to live and die, without having gained for Jesus Christ the soul of a single Malagas! What a trial to return to France a wreck in health, without even a travelling companion, with the risk of dying, as alas he did, on shipboard, without the last consolations of religion!

During the voyage he gradually sank. When the vessel approached the equator, Father Sire, then grown very weak indeed, rapidly became more so, and delirium set in. During

the eight days preceding, how lively his faith, his love for God how tender, how ardent his piety! He knew full well that he was dying, all alone, far from his native land, without a priest within reach, prevented by excessive weakness from even tracing a line to soften his mother's grief. Notwithstanding these trials of heart, and the severe physical sufferings he endured, he preserved complete peace and serenity of soul. He fell asleep in the Lord on the 4th of August, and was buried at sea.

Nothing more need be added in commendation of this memoir. It is calculated to effect great good in seminaries and religious houses, and indeed among all classes of society. *Justi in perpetuum vivent.*

5.—LE CERVEAU.¹

The relations subsisting between soul and body have since the time of Aristotle, and long before, constituted a problem of the greatest interest to thoughtful men; and to-day, after more than two thousand years' discussion, the question has not lost a whit of its original interest. The importance to the psychologist of a knowledge of the physiology of the brain is now universally admitted. The metaphysical difficulties which taxed the ingenuity and charmed the subtle minds of the schoolmen have comparatively little weight with our blunter intelligences. But on the other hand, any views or opinions bearing on philosophical problems that come to us ticketed with the label of *science* at once command our attention. As a consequence, whatever observations Professors of Physiology or Anatomy venture to make concerning the relations of mind and body are listened to with the greatest respect. Unfortunately, a number of the most popular writers on these branches of knowledge are violent advocates of materialism. Accordingly, their expositions of facts which seem to bear on philosophical problems are very unreliable; and their interpretations of these facts, or the hypotheses which they advance to account for them, are still more misleading. There is invariably an admixture of their private opinions with the really established truths of science, which it is almost impossible for the average student to separate;

¹ *Le Cerveau.* Par le Dr. Georges Surbled. Paris: Retaux-Bray, 82, Rue Bonaparte.

and the general impression on his mind is very likely to be that the progress of science is telling decidedly against the spirituality of the soul.

No inference could be more unwarranted ; and the work before us establishes this with irresistible force. M. Surbled is a man distinguished in his profession, and thoroughly conversant with the most recent researches of science on the relations of mind and brain ; and he demonstrates in the clearest manner that even on purely physiological grounds the verdict of science is against materialism. The work is the result of spare moments during a busy professional life, and contains an admirable epitome of all the most important facts regarding the brain which seem to bear on psychology. The book, which is a model of that clear polished style of exposition that French writers alone seem to have mastered, begins with an account of the structure and functions of the various parts of the brain. The author then sketches the exploded theory of phrenology advocated by Gall, and indicates the errors which lay at its root. He then enters into the question of the size and weight of the brain, in different men and animals. Here he shows in a very effective manner how completely science is at variance with the doctrines of the materialists of thirty years ago, who sought to explain intelligence as a product of the cerebral substance, varying with the magnitude or weight of the latter. It is, of course, an indisputable fact that a large brain is often found to accompany greater sagacity both in individual men and in different species of animals ; but the whole tendency of recent science is to show that nothing like an exact proportion can be established in this direction. Some men of great mental powers have had comparatively small and light brains : others well supplied with cerebral material have been conspicuously wanting in intellect, or of but average ability. Some highly cultivated races, if estimated solely by the cranium and its contents, fall below others who are considered to be in the very lowest stage of development. Thus we find the average sizes of a number of skulls of Esquimaux represented by 1,546 cc., of New Zealanders by 1,497 cc., of Italians by 1,467 cc. Similar surprises meet us in the relative weights of national brains. The averages in *grammes* for European nations given by careful experimenters are : Scotch, 1,417 ; English, 1,388 ; French, 1,381 ; Italians, 1,308. A materialist would probably be fairly satisfied with this scale, especially if he were a Scotchman. But, then, here

is a further list : Chinese, 1,430 ; Esquimaux, 1,398 ; Annamites, 1,341. This sets Celestial John, for whom we have so little respect, at the very top, and places the Englishman below the Esquimaux.

Perhaps, however, the most interesting portion of the work is that which treats of the question at present attracting so much attention—the *localization of cerebral functions*. It seems to us, however, that the writer here takes a little too favourable a view of the progress already made, and does not allow sufficient weight to such hostile critics, as, for instance, Goltz, Hitzig, Ferrier, and others have undoubtedly established that the stimulation of certain areas of the brain excites movement in definite muscles ; and the recent cures of special forms of paralysis effected by removing part of the skull and excising tumours of the brain, show the practical value of their researches. Still the circumstance that animals recover the command of their limbs a few days after the cerebral "motor centre" of that part of the body has been removed ; and the fact that disease has frequently destroyed large portions of the brain without producing any apparent effect on the locomotive efficiency of the corresponding members, shows how superficial is the knowledge yet possessed regarding the real nature of cerebral action. As regards the localization of the "centres of sensation" very little, if anything at all, can be said to be satisfactorily established. However, the chief interest of Dr. Surbled's treatment of the question lies in the use which he makes of the doctrine of localization in defence of the immateriality of the soul. Thirty years ago, he points out, materialists argued with perhaps some show of plausibility that the cerebrum may be the seat of intelligence. For then it was supposed that the brain constituted as it were one organ ; and it was maintained by Flourens, and others, on the strength of numerous experiments on animals, that intelligence diminishes proportionately to the quantity of the brain that is extirpated or destroyed. As the matter of the brain is itself insensible, and as it performs no assignable function in the economy of the system, it was argued that the brain as a whole must be the organ of intellect. Of course very little knowledge of psychology is sufficient to show the absurdity of assigning a bodily organ to intellectual activity ; but it is satisfactory to know that the further advance of cerebral physiology proves the same truth. "Since the cortical substance of the brain consists of a variety of compartments, centres of

movement and sensation, and since the functions of these cerebral areas consist in the elaboration or concentration of such movements and sensations, the conclusion is obvious *there no longer remains an organ in which to localize intellectual operations.*" (p. 244.) Such is the natural inference from the most recent advances in this department of physical science. The cerebral substance which materialists thirty years ago pointed to as devoid of any conceivable function, and which for that reason they claimed to be the seat of our higher spiritual life, is now proved to be the physical machinery of movement and sensation; and day by day its topography is being more accurately defined. "Intellect therefore not having any *organ* is not a function of the organism, but a faculty of a spiritual soul." We cannot too earnestly recommend this work to all interested in this important subject.

6.—THE ONE MEDIATOR.¹

Our readers will be glad to know that the theological chapters by Father Humphrey, which from time to time have appeared in our pages, are now collected together and republished in a handy volume. Father Humphrey gives to his volume the appropriate title of *The One Mediator*, for, as he says in his Preface, his aim throughout is "to set forth Jesus in His Perpetual Presence here on earth, and in His present personal influence on individual souls of men." The chapter on sacrifice shows us how our Lord is present in His priests and how He exercises His priestly office in every Mass, as well as how He is Himself the Victim in every sacrifice, physically present on the altar. The next chapter relates to all the sacraments, showing what they all possess in common. Then follow seven chapters, one on each of the sacraments. After these come chapters on the created holiness of our Blessed Lord and His human knowledge, on the dignity of our Lady and the adoration of the Sacred Heart, which are well called "two tests or touchstones of true belief in the doctrine of the Incarnation," on the indwelling of the Holy Ghost, and lastly, on the Beatific Vision of God.

Those who have made acquaintance with Father Humphrey's

¹ *The One Mediator, or, Sacrifice and Sacraments.* By William Humphrey, Priest of the Society of Jesus. London: Burns and Oates, Limited.

works will need no assurance from us that they will find it to their profit to give most thoughtful attention to these most valuable chapters. Happily, many Catholics are desirous of solid and accurate instruction in dogmatic subjects, and converts particularly are conscious that they stand in need of all the teaching they can get, in order to make up quickly and soundly for the deficiencies of their vague religious education. Father Humphrey's books require careful reading, but at the same time they deserve it and repay it. Those who courageously face the difficulty that must be felt on first examining what seems abstruse, will soon find themselves interested; and certainly, a deeper and clearer knowledge of God's revealed truth is an abundant repayment for the effort involved in turning away from the frivolities of modern literature to a carefully written exposition of the theology of these momentous doctrines. Truth for its own sake is worth any trouble, and above all, the highest and noblest truths that God has made accessible to us by the revelation He has confided to the Catholic Church. The result of such a study of doctrine must necessarily be of great advantage to the spiritual life, for "this is life eternal, that we should *know* the only true God and Jesus Christ whom He has sent." If religious feelings are shallow and variable, this is due to a want of sound dogmatic instruction, which should be their foundation. We welcome as useful in the highest degree a book like this, which places the results of much theological study within reach of the faithful in their mother tongue. Technical words are used, because they are unavoidable, but they are used so as to avoid, not to create difficulty. We should, however, be glad if Father Humphrey, when he reaches another edition, would put his pen through the needless word *deivirile*, which he gives as a synonym for *theandric*, the epithet belonging to Him, who is both God and Man. One such compound word is enough, and language is not enriched by mere duplicates.

7.—THE CHURCH OF MY BAPTISM.¹

We shall soon have quite a library of books, containing the personal experiences of converts to Catholicism. To

¹ *The Church of my Baptism, and why I returned to it.* By W. F. H. King. London: Burns and Oates, Limited.

such and to many others besides the reason and motives of their conduct are interesting because they have all the freshness of novelty; although to a Catholic they amount to little more than truisms. That any two sides of a triangle are greater than the third may astonish initial mathematicians without evoking much comment from more advanced students. Still it is well to have these things recorded and it is useful to know the special points which have led to a change so grave as every conversion must be. Mr. King devotes himself chiefly to the question embodied in his title. He has discovered that in becoming a Roman Catholic he is not *leaving* but *returning* to the Church of his Baptism. Therefore this common charge against a convert is not only rebutted but turned into a *tu quoque* argument. This view of the question is supported by quotations from various Anglican manuals, for instance, the *Englishman's Brief on Behalf of his National Church* points out what is the teaching of the Prayer Book on the subject:

When a child is brought to be baptized, the Church prays *not* that it may be received merely into the Church of England, but that it may be "received into Christ's Holy Church." . . . Our Church thus in Holy Baptism loses sight of her own individuality as a local Church, and thinks of, acts only in, the name of that Holy Church throughout the world of which she confesses herself to be a part.

If now the Church of England can in any way be identified with "Christ's Holy Church," then to leave it would be to leave the Church of one's Baptism. If on the contrary the marks and properties pertaining to the State Church are not those of the Body of Christ, then to leave the alien Anglican Establishment for the True Church is to return to that Body into which we were first incorporated. The charge therefore that a convert is leaving the Church of his Baptism is answered by a *negotio suppositum*. The convert was never baptized into the State Church of England, as her formulas themselves attest, and he enters the Roman Communion solely because he finds it to be that very Church of his Baptism, into which an Anglican parson along with any other rational person has the power, thank God, if he rightly uses it, of incorporating him by the Sacrament of Regeneration.

Of course it is readily seen that this line of argument can only be admitted if the claim of Anglicanism to belong to the Church Catholic is proved to be unfounded. It is then to

establish this fundamental fact that Mr. King especially applies himself in the work before us. In the Preface Dr. Bull's ingenious contrivance for proving the State Church to be an integral part of the Church Catholic is stated. Human nature as a whole is made up of individuals, all of whom differ amongst themselves. Plato gave to that abstract nature a real existence. For him the universal man which corresponded to the abstract idea had an objective reality—somewhere. After this fashion Dr. Bull conceived the Church Universal to be a "collection of all the Churches throughout the world." Roman, Greek, English, and so on. To such a Church Universal as this it matters no more whether these particular Churches agree together, than it matters to human nature when "three men are fighting a triangular duel." Human nature as a whole is not confined to any one person, nor does the falling out of the three men hinder the fact that together they go to make up a universal unity. So far as Dr. Bull is concerned Aristotle overturned the theory of the Platonic form in vain. But with the majority of plain dealing men these abstractions are not sufficient. When God sent His Son into the world on Christmas Day, He was of flesh and blood as the rest of us: and when He sent His Church into the world at Pentecost, that too was something real and tangible. It consisted of a united, visible body of men under the leadership of St. Peter. We look therefore to-day for a Church no less visible and real, still as then animated by the Holy Ghost, and nothing less than this can satisfy our needs.

Having put aside the theory of a mere abstract universal, Mr. King, in his valuable little book, contrasts the Anglican Establishment with what we know Christ's True Mystical Body was to be and must be. As a Church the State religion exhibits exactly the contrary attributes to those which even an Anglican professes to be the marks of Christ's True Church. It must be One in doctrine, Universal throughout the world, Holy, and Apostolic in its descent. The absence of these essential properties from the Anglican Establishment is ably exposed in Mr. King's little book. Each chapter deals with some vital principle which is glaringly wanting until the conclusion, to which the author has himself so unselfishly arrived, forces itself upon an unprejudiced mind with all the conviction of a simple truism.

8.—THE ORIGIN OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.¹

To describe the purpose of this work, it would be best to make use of the author's own words which he uses in his Preface. He reminds us that the sixteenth century is that in which Europe experienced a most thorough change. In the midst of the old Christian society unknown regions suddenly disclosed themselves; regions into which our ancestors entered, in which we dwell, but which are as yet uninvestigated and lie unknown before us. It seems that a celebrated historian, M. Janssen, says that the most prosperous period that Germany ever possessed was that preceding the Reformation, that event which brought such fearful disasters in its train. Our author says that France reached its greatest prosperity at the same period. But one who looked keenly might see signs that indicated a coming break up of that constitution which was apparently so perfect. "While in Germany princes secularized the Church, whilst in England the King confiscated it, the King of France divided its powers, assuming some himself and leaving the rest to the Pope." Thus was founded the Gallican Church from which arose the Revolution of the eighteenth century, which was only that of the sixteenth delayed and rendered more complete. The following sentence furnishes the keynote to the whole work. "In the sixteenth century all society rested on a confusion of authority, civil and religious, and on the sacred, almost priestlike, character assumed by Royalty. From this arose fatal abuses." The work is devoted to the development of the opinions expressed in the Preface. It is a book of about 360 pages, of which over 170 are taken up by an index of notes and references. Not only is great and accurate learning shown, but a power of casting into form and breathing life into these masses of facts. The first chapter gives us a very pleasant account of the prosperity of France at the beginning of the sixteenth century. "All the world were happy, and, wonderful to relate, they admitted it." The King was then Louis the Twelfth, to whom was decreed in his lifetime the title of "Father of his People," amidst a universal outburst of enthusiasm. There was through all the people a real, a universal, a passionate love for this King. We learn it from historians of all types, it is proved by incontestable facts, it has come down

¹ *Les Origines de la Revolution Française au commencement du XVIe. siècle.* Par R. de Maulde-la-Clavière.

to us in the *louanges* of innumerable prose and verse writers. He fell sick, all France was in tears until he recovered. He won the Battle of Agnadel in 1506, and became an object of excited idolatry. All this was not due simply to his virtues, which were great and undoubted. It was rather because he secured to the people the two great goods, dear to the heart of every Frenchman, glory and security. The first came to them in the deeds of such noble knights as Bayard, Gaston de la Foix, and others of whom we may read in Scott's *Tales of a Grandfather*. Of their material prosperity we have many proofs in the pictures which are presented to us of the times.

The King and people were united by different relations from those which exist between them at the present day. "This monosyllable, 'the King,' is (in the sixteenth century) the word which personifies and represents all France." Monarchy was not then "an institution of which the advantages were to be questioned, but the object of a passionate culture, or better of an absolute faith." How strange at first sight was the reaction to the most intense hatred, not merely of the individual in whom the institution was represented, but of the institution itself!

Of the living faith of the people many examples are brought. Joan of Arc comes from the country, a poor uneducated girl. She proclaims her mission from God to drive the English forth from the kingdom of God. She invests him, in the Name of God, with the sovereignty of France. The author considers it to be a significant fact that Joan, although honoured by the people of France for her purity, her angelic piety, and the miraculous character of her mission, was not raised to the honours of the altar. He thinks that all these titles to veneration became attributed rather to the impersonal idea of royalty than to the personal Joan of Arc.

The book itself covers an enormous field, and the author apologizes for endeavouring to present so great an undertaking within the covers of a single volume. In fact the outlines of such a task become less definite as we approach it. We cannot ourselves find room for the many thoughts that arise in our minds on looking through the different chapters of the book. One remark may be made, however, on its general purport. Every human institution, every institution as far as it is human, must contain some element of imperfection, and this defect, growing with years, must at length cause its fall. "All things must change," is one of the first of nature's laws. Perhaps the

great advantage derived from Darwin's theories will hereafter be found to consist not in their absolute truth, but in the conception and use of the idea of development, of gradual change of form which may be practically applied to nearly all branches of science. And if, as our author supposes, the great piety and faith (with certain abuses that accompanied it, as a too easy faith in miracles, and so on), produced by natural reaction, the irreligion and want of reverence that are found in later times, may we not hope that the time for a counter-reaction is approaching and that the Catholic Church may again come into possession of the regions that were once hers?

9.—OUR LADY'S DOWRY.¹

Father Bridgett has just issued a third edition of *Our Lady's Dowry: how England gained that Title*.¹ In the first edition he had written "how England gained *and lost* that title"; but the two words now omitted had been objected to by the late Mr. Edmund Waterton, who in his *Pietas Mariana Britannica* claims for his country that in spite of heresy the consecration once given cannot be lost. Father Bridgett in the Preface to the present edition explains that he gladly omits words which apparently gave pain to one whose chivalrous devotion to Mary was a most beautiful feature in his character. We approve of the change, though as a description of the contents of the book the original title was the more correct, as the concluding chapters give a very painful, though instructive account of how the Devotion to our Lady was undermined in the days of Henry the Eighth, and how under that sacrilegious tyrant the blasphemer could with impunity insult the Mother of God, though to say a word against any doctrine enforced by the tyrant incurred the penalty of death. But the most interesting and consoling part of the book is the record of the numerous shrines, images, wells, and sanctuaries of our Lady scattered over England in early times. They flourished once. Has England fallen so low that there is no hope of their flourishing again? We cannot despair of any country which was once the faithful client of Mary. Some day it may be that the famous sanctuary of Walsingham, though now it is

¹ *Our Lady's Dowry: how England gained that Title.* By the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C.S.S.R. Third Edition. London: Burns and Oates, Limited.

Bitter, bitter, O, to behold
The grass to grow,
Where the walls of Walsingham
So stately did show,

may yet again with its "golden, glittering tops piercing out to the sky," witness a crowd of pious pilgrims, and that "the palmers may throng the place which as a wreck doth show in that so holy a land."

Father Bridgett now adds, in proof of the antiquity of the title, a copy of a leaflet which makes it date back to St. Edmund himself, for it describes a picture in which the King and Martyr is offering to Mary the "globe" of England with the words—

*Dos tua Virgo pia
Hæc est, quare rege, O Maria.*

O blessed Virgin, heere beholde this is thy Dowerie,
Defend it now, preserve it still in all prosperitie.

May this prayer of St. Edmund at length be heard, and those happy days may God grant us in His mercy once again! There is no doubt that even among Protestants devotion to our Lady is springing up again in England, and the tree cut down is sprouting once more. To this much-desired event such a book as Father Bridgett's sensibly contributes. We hope that the third edition may be the stepping-stone to a fourth and fifth, and that some day from his place in Heaven the author may see his book re-edited with the fresh name of "Our Lady's Dowry: how England gained that title, and, having lost it for a time, regained it once more through the mercy of God and Mary's intercession."

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

A SKETCH of the Life, Work, and Death of Father Perry,¹ the astronomer, is sure to be welcome not only to Catholics generally and to scientific men, but also to every Englishman who retains his native love for what is noble and manly. As her soldiers and sailors spend their lives in their country's service and die often for her cause, so the Jesuit astronomer braved danger and hardship to bring the treasure of knowledge within reach of his fellow-countrymen, and met his death at last in this glorious cause. The little book before us professes to be only a sketch, and perhaps some day we may hope for a fuller life of Father Perry. But certainly as a sketch it is very complete and well put together. The author is one who was associated with him in his scientific labours, and also a member of the same Order, and therefore was well fitted for his task. There are six chapters in all, and they deal with the life and virtues, the meteorological, magnetic, and astronomical work, the scientific voyages, the last journey of Father Perry, and the noble death which came to him in the midst of his last expedition, undertaken in obedience to his country's call. "Truly he may lay claim," says Mr. Cortie, "to the title of 'martyr of science,' and a part of the story of the eclipse of December 22, 1889, will be the account of how Father Perry was carried from a sick bed to take his last observation." The book contains ten illustrations, several of them having a special interest as being from photographs taken by Father Perry himself. A good deal of the letter-press also consists of quotations from his own journals. The Preface points out how unfounded is the charge that the Catholic Church is hostile to the progress of scientific thought, and we believe it will sensibly contribute to clear away such prejudices which blind the eyes of Englishmen to a due appreciation of the cause of truth.

¹ *Father Perry, the Jesuit Astronomer.* By A. L. Cortie, S.J. London: Catholic Truth Society.

*Marie and Paul*¹ is a simple, pretty little story, or rather, as its authoress terms it, a fragment. It opens with the First Communion of Paul, in a peaceful French village, five-and-twenty years ago. Marie and Paul have lost their mother, but they have been trained in piety by a kind grandmother and a good father, who obtains leave of absence in order to be present with his children on that happy morning. Five years later another eventful day dawns on the little village, a day of sadness and separation, for Captain Dubois is summoned to the field to defend his country from the invading foe. He falls in battle, and his lifeless form is found among the dead by Paul, a medal of our Lady being clasped in his hand. Paul meanwhile has been called to a higher warfare; the fourth and last chapter shows us him many years after the sad scenes of the Franco-German War, dressed in the cassock of a priest, returning to the home of his childhood to bid farewell to Marie before departing to labour for souls in foreign missions.

We are glad to see that the Catholic Truth Society, which opened its list of Biographies with St. Patrick, has at length brought out the Life of a Saint whose name is closely linked, in Irish records and in Irish hearts, with the name of Ireland's great Apostle. St. Brigid² (we hope that all will recognize under this spelling the more familiar St. Bridget, or St. Bride) lived only a few years later than St. Patrick; entering on her career a short time before he closed his life of unwearied labours. She was of the same race as St. Columba, and lived at the time that Ireland was being gradually Christianized. She herself was named after a heathen goddess, Bridh. We are tempted to give one or two extracts, but must content ourselves with assuring our readers that this little biography is full of interest, and will tell them about the "Mary of Ireland" many wondrous things of which they were previously ignorant.

Mr. Allnatt is well known to all English-speaking Catholics as the author of a number of pamphlets on the Church and its claims to our allegiance, which promise to be classical books of reference in Catholic controversy. He began at the central doctrine of Peter's claims to our allegiance, and from this passed on to the practical inference from Petrine doctrine, viz.,

¹ *Marie and Paul*. A Fragment. By "Our Little Woman." London: Burns and Oates, Limited.

² *St. Brigid, Abbess of Kildare*. By Mrs. Atkinson. London: Catholic Truth Society.

that the Church which honours Peter and his successors is the True Church. This is treated of in the pamphlet, *Which is the True Church?* In *The Church and the Sects*,¹ the claims of the Church are contrasted with those of all other religious bodies, and various fundamental objections carefully and thoroughly answered. One fact which Mr. Allnatt records is of itself a sufficient refutation of Protestantism. "Throughout the whole history of Christianity you cannot point to a single nation of the earth that was converted from its heathenism to the Protestant faith." Mr. Allnatt's book is a very useful one for Catholics as well as Protestants, for it is full of suggestive statements like the above, valuable as means of answering the difficulties of those outside the Church.

Who is there who does not continually stand in need of good counsel? and who is there, therefore, who ought not to cultivate a devotion to Our Lady of Good Counsel if he desires to succeed in what he undertakes? We cannot be surprised, then, at the wonderful spread of the honour paid to her, and of the countless pilgrims who visit Genazzano. To English-speaking countries this devotion has been made known by Mgr. Dillon's work on *Our Lady of Good Counsel*. And now the materials it supplies have been turned to good account by a Benedictine nun of the Priory at Ventnor (Isle of Wight), who has drawn up a *Month of Our Lady of Good Counsel*² that we recommend to our readers' use, not alone in May or October, but at every period when they specially need good counsel from the Mother of God. Each day has its pious reading, its example illustrated, and a prayer. We hope many will employ it, and employing it, obtain their petitions.

*Wreaths of Song from the Fields of Philosophy*³ is a bold attempt to write poems on a subject which of all subjects seems at first sight least adapted to be so treated. One who is himself skilled in scholastic philosophy, has put into verse a number of deep philosophical and theological truths, and even ventures to deal with a subject so difficult as that of Reprobation. We quote two stanzas of his poem called "Ratifying" as a sample of our author's verse—

¹ *The Church and the Sects*. By F. B. Allnatt. London: Burns and Oates, Limited.

² *The Virgin Mother of Good Counsel*. A new Month of Mary. By a Benedictine Nun of the Priory, Ventnor. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son.

³ *Wreaths of Song from the Fields of Philosophy*. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son.

Right: call "Law of causality"
That first of contingency's laws—
"While reason for being as being must be,
For what may become there is cause."
"Causation's law" gives: "Cause in the *act*
Whereby is contingently
All known as so being—thing, thought, or fact—
Though so 'twere eternally."

The wonderful devotion to the Sacred Heart that is rapidly spreading over the whole world is producing a number of books which are at the same time the offspring of it and the means of extending it still further. The practice of reading each day some short passage on the wonders wrought by the Sacred Heart for man, and the lessons that it teaches us, is one that is taking root among pious Catholics, especially during the months of June and July. In view of this custom, Brother Philippe has written, and Miss Mulligan translated, a series of readings¹ for a month, that are redolent of simple piety and unaffected love of God. They are especially intended for the young, and are recommended to them by a story told each day at the end of the meditation. The little volume ends with an account of the Apostleship of Prayer, a devotion very closely connected with that of the Sacred Heart.

Among the saints whose Office and Mass have lately been extended to the Universal Church is St. Justin,² philosopher and martyr. In his youth he studied one after another the various prevalent philosophies, Stoic, Platonist, Peripatetic, and Pythagorean. He found each in turn wholly unable to satisfy the longing of his heart. One day, while in this state of mind, he met upon the shore an old man who directed him to the prophecies respecting Christ, and bade him observe the inexplicable constancy of the Christian martyrs. This mysterious man Justin never saw again, but not long after Justin became a Christian. For the account of his life, writings, and martyrdom, we will refer our readers to Mrs. Martin's most instructive little book. It is especially appropriate now that so many are searching after truth in the various forms of philosophy which arise one after another, and we hope that the example of St. Justin may find many imitations in the present day.

¹ *Month of the Sacred Heart.* By Brother Philippe. Translated by E. A. Mulligan. New York, &c.: Benziger Brothers.

² *Life of St. Justin, Martyr.* By Mrs. Charles Martin. London: Burns and Oates, Limited.

II.—MAGAZINES.

The opening article in the *Études* for May commences a biography of the late M. de Belcastel, whose death has deprived his country and the cause of religious liberty of a brave and able champion. The career of this talented and active man—than whom none of the leading men of his day better deserves the title of *strenuus miles Christi*—divides itself into three periods: (1) that in which he was preparing to take a prominent part in his country's counsels; (2) his public life; (3) his work as a private individual. The first, that now under review, was one of incident and variety as to its outward circumstances, and displays the energetic and generous character of one who had in a high degree the courage of his opinions; whose chief object was to promote the triumph of religion and the welfare of his fellow-men. Under the guise of a letter addressed to a young provincial poet, ambitious of composing a religious drama for production on the boards of a Paris theatre, Father Delaporte strongly condemns the introduction of Biblical history and Catholic ceremonies on the stage, before audiences whose corrupt taste delights in nothing so much as representations of vice and gross immorality, and who receive with mockery anything of a religious nature, unless it be a travesty of holy things. Father Forbes treats the subject of Workmen's Associations with thorough knowledge of the question and much good sense. He first speaks of the trades' unions and friendly societies to which the amelioration of the labouring classes in England within the last fifty years is attributed; and then proceeds to inquire what co-operative societies are possible in France, where the liberty to form associations is restricted by the law of Syndicates. Father Brucker, writing on the Brief *Demissas preces* of Benedict the Thirteenth in condemnation of Molinism, throws some fresh light on the motives which prompted the publication of that Brief, and on the unfortunate dispute among theologians of the eighteenth century, turning on the Bull *Unigenitus* of Clement the Eleventh. The *Études* furthermore contains the continuation of Father de Gabriac's Essay on Academic Reform, which will be read with pleasure by all who are interested in higher education. In the instalment before us he surveys the different programmes of studies for the Bachelor's Degree, suggested by the supporters of four

several systems of instruction. We have also the review of a History of Mathematics from the remotest antiquity up to the present time, by M. Marie—an interesting and instructive book, in which a somewhat dry subject is rendered attractive by the vivacious and amusing style of the writer.

The approach of the feast of the Sacred Heart, to be kept this year by order of the Holy See as a festival of the First Class, leads the *Stimmen aus Maria-Laach* to inquire what is the nature of this devotion, and what the place it holds in the order of grace. Not only is it intended, we are told, to increase the love of Christians to the Redeemer in the Sacrament of His Love, and offer reparation for the insults offered Him, but now, more especially, to counteract the pride and insubordination of the age, by cultivating a closer imitation of the virtues that distinguish the Sacred Heart. The following article is a sketch by Father Baumgartner of an Icelandic Lutheran Bishop of the seventeenth century, Byrnjolf Sveinsson by name, the compiler of the Edda, the most valuable collection of ancient Scandinavian verse. This Prelate, although a member of the Reformed religion, held many Catholic beliefs, and composed, in honour of the Mother of God, a long poem which would do credit to the most loyal of her servants. Father Haan writes on the much-discussed topic of Hypnotism, and gives curious instances of the power exercised by the hypnotizer over the functions of the body, the action of the senses, and the mental powers, *e.g.*, the memory and will, of the individual under his influence. From another article, we learn that in the countries of Northern Europe it was considered sufficient in the middle ages for the faithful in general to approach the sacraments three times a year; the careful and even rigorous preparation required before admission to Holy Communion deterred some from receiving It more than once a year. Father Kreiten contributes a paper which describes the immense labour entailed on those who compile the dictionaries that are of such indispensable use to the student.

The *Katholik* pays a tribute to the memory of Dr. Hettinger, twenty years Professor of Theology in the University of Würzburg. He died last January; and in him the Catholic Church in Germany lost a man of profound erudition, great practical ability, and genuine piety. His name is familiar as a valued writer on apologetic and dogmatic theology, and other subjects of an ecclesiastical nature: his *Evidences of Christianity*

are now appearing in an English form. The *Katholik* also contains an account of the Nubian or Berber tribes inhabiting the Nile country south of Egypt, with which the traveller becomes acquainted between Assouan and Nady-Halfa. The appearance and habits of these people, and the principal products and industries of the country, are fully described. The writer of an article on the place which the *cultus* of the Blessed Virgin holds in modern hymnology, claims for Germany the precedence over other European lands in cultivating this form of devotion to the Mother of God. Several specimens are given of verses composed by German poets in her honour during the present and the last two centuries. Dr. Esser examines the grounds of the belief that St. Peter was at one time Bishop of Antioch; he also satisfactorily explains the reason why the feast of the Chair of St. Peter at Antioch (Feb. 22) is kept in addition to that of the Chair of St. Peter at Rome (Jan. 18). The refutation of the letter of the Evangelical Alliance, in answer to the pastoral of the German Bishops, is concluded; likewise the critique of the second volume of Pastor's valuable *History of the Popes*, which carries on the history to the close of the pontificate of Sixtus the Fourth.

The *Civiltà Cattolica* (958) comments on the pilgrimage to the Vatican, in April last, of about five thousand Italians of every age and condition of life. This it regards as a national act of reparation for the public insults offered to the Papacy by the enemies of religion. The biblico-archæological researches as to whether the original settlers in the Island of Cyprus were descendants of Japheth or Cham is continued. The decision is given in favour of the latter, in whom the Italians, consequently, see their ancestors. A passage of Diodorus Siculus is also examined, which confuses the expulsion of the Shepherd-Kings from Egypt with the exodus of the Israelites. The history of the pontificate of Gregory the Great is carried on in this number of the *Civiltà*. The archæological notes contain a description of some half-length figures discovered in the cemetery of St. Januarius at Naples, fragments of a set of fourteen paintings, supposed to represent Bishops of the Neapolitan Church. An early Christian inscription found at Rome is likewise described, as well as some ancient marbles of a secular nature recording the triumphs of Imperial Rome.

